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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Where Is Greatness?

THERE is perhaps no word more abused by the general reviewer and more cautiously employed by the critic of learning and penetration than greatness. Experience, if nothing else, has taught the latter that the marvels of today are not infrequently the curiosities of tomorrow, and that time, while it makes ever more apparent the actuality of real greatness, often leaves slightly ridiculous as well as patently second-rate many a work that has precipitately been announced to possess it. It is doubtful, indeed, whether any age can properly judge of the achievements of its period. Too much that is extraneous to the actual merits of a production—passions, prejudices, beliefs, hopes, theories, ignorance—enter into its appraisal to permit of a just perspective upon its qualities. We men and women are reasoning beings, to be sure, but despite training and exhortation, we remain in the aggregate, and probably will for all time remain, primarily feeling beings. It is our hearts, not our heads, that dictate most of our preferences, and it is in the light of emotion not of logic that we yield our allegiances and proclaim our enthusiasms.

It may be objected, notwithstanding, that the critic is by the very definition of his profession he who has been able to overcome the inhibitions and set aside the preconceptions that warp the judgments of most of us. And so he is, if he is that rarest of human beings, the man who is able under all circumstances to hold in stable equilibrium his opinions and his sentiments, using the one to justify the other, and keeping the balance true beween them. Precisely when he has achieved this poise, he becomes the critic fitted to render absolute judgments, but when he has become so he is little likely to do it, for his critical judgment tells him that the only thing that is absolute is that human judgment is fallible. As for the rest of us, how few of us can even attain that detachment which is the first prerequisite of definitive judgments! How few of us there are who do not consider popular acclaim a title to greatness! We allow ourselves to be stampeded into believing something great by a predilection, or an ardor, or a general enthusiasm. Your true critic, on the contrary, is frequently out of step with the prevailing opinions of his day, lagging behind when general praise rushes a writer to the pinnacle of greatness, or striding ahead of the encomiums that will eventually be bestowed by the many upon as yet unrecognized genius.

* * *

Perhaps because distance to a certain extent provides the same alembic as time contemporary critics have in the long run gone less astray in their pronouncement of greatness on the works of foreigners than when conferring the accolade upon writers of their own nation. Separated from them by habits of thought, by modes of life, and by political differences, as well as by an ocean or a continent, it has been easier for them to assess at their true value the writings of alien peoples than it has been to estimate the worth of the work of their own countrymen. Unfettered by those considerations which in approaching the current literature of their own people have a well-nigh inescapable influence upon their judgment, they are able to look upon conditions and tenets which may run counter to all their beliefs as mere background to the portrayal of the human comedy, and to disengage what is intrinsic to greatness in literature from that nimbus of the personally pertinent and the timely which may lend importance and interest to writing without conferring lasting distinction upon it.

Those qualities that make for greatness, the ability to see beyond the immediate to the general, the realization both of the little for which the individual counts in the general maelstrom of existence and of the majesty and pathos of his combat with the universe, the understanding, the compassion, and the faith—a faith which may mean no more than a disbelief in chaos—that inform great literature,—these qualities are more readily recognizable at a distance of time or space than at close hand. But who of us can say with certainty what constitutes greatness since its very essence is the divergence from the normal? Who of us can infallibly recognize it when we see it, or be sure that what we consider greatness is not coincidence of tastes or beliefs with our own? Surely too few of us for the word to be bandied about lightly, too few, to come down to our own special field, for critics and journals to make flat-footed statements, that in this work of today or that of tomorrow is greatness. If all the superlatives of recent years could rise up to plague their sponsors, what a blushing and a hemming and a hawing there would be in this land of the brave and the free. "Preserving the sweetness of proportion" is indeed a virtue devoutly to be cultivated.

Trust Left A Dead Woman

By VIRGINIA MOORE

THE dead must take their long hands off the living,
They must let go:
A man breathing above-ground can have no traffic
With a woman below,

Though it were sweet, with the fascination of the unholy,
And valued more highly than breath,
A woman must deny herself if she loves him
And keep her distance, in death,

And pretend she is not as passionate as ever
And wrap herself in dust.
Through the long interval of their separation, it will not be easy,
This trust.

This Week

"Motion Picture Problems."
Reviewed by FRANK TUTTLE.

"The Adventures of an Outlaw."
Reviewed by MARK BARR.

"The Poetry Quartos."
Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

"The Elizabethan Jig."
Reviewed by EDWARD BLISS REED.

"The Pedro Gorino."
Reviewed by CAPTAIN DAVID W. BONE.

Granules from an Hour Glass.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"Wells Without End."
By E. PRESTON DARGAN.

Next Week, or Later

Detective Fiction—Its Future.
By DOROTHY L. SAYERS.

Meyersonism

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

HOW many connoisseurs of French culture, dazzled by intellectual baubles and little "boulevard" quarrels, are aware that, since Bergson, one of the strongest and deepest currents of contemporary thought is issuing from Emile Meyerson's books "L'Explication dans les Sciences" (1921), "Identité et Réalité" (1912), and "La Déduction Relativiste" (1925)? His ideas have, since the war, been more or less anonymously renovating the general conception of human understanding. I meet them reflected, sometimes deflected, rarely circulating under their father's name, in English and American criticism of science and philosophy. They cannot help influencing our ideas on the relation between art and science and bid fair to react effectually on literary criticism. Does not a new trend in literature always accompany a new system of explanation, a new philosophy of science? Newton and Descartes, Darwin and Bergson, have they not influenced the intellectual production of the world, be it lyricism, fiction, or drama, more effectually than all the critics of their time, and ours?

* * *

Meyerson's philosophy is founded on general history and a personal experience of scientific research. Born in Poland about seventy years ago, he worked in Germany under Bunsen as a professional chemist, and in Paris under Schutzenberger, met in France the continuators (Poincaré, Bergson) of a unique tradition of modern scientific philosophy (Carnot, Ampère, Comte, Cournot, Renouvier), joined their ranks, and became a French citizen. He found in the mental history of the great chemists and alchemists, tendencies which he identified with the secret springs of his own mind in research work, and he gradually associated them with the processess of universal reason, in quest of what we call truth. Bergson, presenting Meyerson's first discoveries on "Identity and Reality" to the French Institute, emphasized "their importance as regards the philosophy of science, and also general philosophy." In his book: "Philosophie Contemporaine en France," M. Parodi, an authority on the subject, says that Meyerson's influence is one of the most telling on cultured youth, and marks one of the main currents in contemporary thought.

Meyerson's system of thought (for it is a coherent system) is not easy to summarize. Some idea of it is, however obtainable from André Metz's manual: "Une Nouvelle Philosophie des Sciences" (Alcan: 1928). But the aspect of Meyersonism that chiefly concerns a literary paper is, of course, its possible influence on criticism, and this aspect of it has never been, so far as I know, disengaged from the others. I shall attempt to bring it to light.

* * *

Let me first draw your attention to at least two points in Einstein's articles (London *Times*, February 4 and 5) which contain his new conclusions concerning the full meaning of relativity. Einstein emphasizes its *theoretical* boldness, its slender empirical basis, its aloofness from pragmatic influences, its "fundamental reliance on the *uniformity* of the secrets of nature and their *accessibility* to the *speculative* intellect." (The italics are mine). In the same breath he mentions Meyerson (and no other philosopher) as having rightly estimated the native and full import of relativity. "In his illuminating studies on the theory of knowledge" says Einstein, Meyerson has, "with good reason, compared the intellectual attitude of the relativity theoretician with that of Descartes, or even of Hegel, without thereby imply-

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ing the censure which a physicist would naturally read into this."

Here, in Einstein's words, is one of the distinctive traits of Meyerson's doctrine. Here is the key to its probable effect on the future of criticism. The days of a "fundamental reliance" on the real unity of the visible and the invisible universe both in art and science, are getting nearer. Meyerson is powerfully contributing to that ultimate synthesis. Already his views are as indispensable to the formation of any future system of metaphysics, epistemology, and even psychology as were, in their time, Descartes's "Method" and Kant's "Critique." But it is not his business to foreshadow their effect. Nor could it be mine without his permission.

* * *

One point must be at once noted. Meyerson has no metaphysical axe to grind though he sees metaphysics behind every bush. His business is to watch the human intellect in its tensest effort towards certitude, and to ascertain the laws and ways and means of that supreme quest. But he does not—at least not yet—deduce a system of metaphysics from his system of observations. His knowledge of Knowledge is unique, but as I said, mainly derived from his professional experience, from the history of science, and from close watching of common sense at work. Meyerson lives "on the trail . . ." He follows the track of reason in search of that modern grail, scientific truth, and charts it up to the summit, down to the plains, through the forest of all ages, and all systems. He is the greatest road-mapper of the avenues of science that I know. But he does not attempt to connect his conclusions with any of the usual philosophies. For instance, he is neither an idealist nor a materialist, even in the limited and confusing acceptation of these antiquated terms. The most that can be said is that his views do not lead toward a purely subjective world. His originality is to look at science in all its stages, not as *made*, but *in the making*. It has been truly said that he deals not so much with science, i.e., sets of doctrines, as with scientists, i.e., real living men.

* * *

At the beginning and end of all analysis, at the basis of all hypotheses, mechanistic or non-mechanistic, even in the texture of common sense, Meyerson discovers and demonstrates the constant and unavoidable presence of metaphysical notions, which he calls "Irrationals." Coming from a declared non-metaphysician, this is especially significant. His "Irrationals" are not absurd,—not closed and forbidden ground as in the Positivist code which he repudiates—but merely inexplicable (in the original sense of explanation), incapable of logical development, irreducible to reason. Such is the basic concept of thing or of object as independent of mind. Both science and common sense, pure and applied reason, postulate being outside thinking. They could not work otherwise.

As thinking individuals we start from a metaphysical, not a physical necessity. Here lies our essence: in an impulsion not towards action, but from speculation. Pragmatism is a by-product. Intelligence has a life of its own: it is not primarily employed in tool making, and the source of its life is an act of faith. Whether primitive or highly trained, scientific or popular, it *believes* in (that is, in the true original sense, it relies upon) an objective reality which *may* be this or that, but *must* be.

* * *

This is not the deadly dualism imputable to post-Cartesianism. It does not imply a world where mind and matter, soul and body, subject and object, can never meet, and remain sterile. In Meyerson's system we start from an object uncreated but not unfelt and unapprehended by our whole living self. Reason is for ever in contact with both elements of each of the couples divorced by Cartesianism; she is constantly moving between herself and reality, unable to give up measurements, and unable to reduce the real to her measures. That conception is fundamental in Meyersonism. Like many others where concrete life is involved, it appears self-contradictory and is none the less essentially true. Cartesianism is not merely Meyersonism without the Meyersonian paradox, but it is partly that.

If objective existence is the support of science, explanation is its specific process, its all-sufficient method. To explain, or explicate, is merely to develop, to demonstrate that the solution was in the data. An unexplained residue necessarily remains at the bottom of all explanations, and demands further data, further hypotheses.

To explain is to prove that all is accounted for, nothing lost, nothing created. Hence, an invincible tendency to consider things as identical with themselves, independent not only of mind, but of time. Science is for ever in search of explanation, and explanation of identification.

But no identification can be complete. When I say A = A it is either a tautology, and means nothing, or it implies a preliminary negation (A cannot *be* A, a thing cannot *be* another thing). That negation is, however, intermingled with an affirmation that, notwithstanding, we can logically reduce the difference to a degree of identity acceptable by reason. This is done by skilful management through the consideration of progressive and partial identities, leading to others, which land us in a purely intellectual assimilation between A and A. An equation can only be quantitative, not qualitative. In his book, "L'Explication dans les Sciences," Meyerson is inexhaustible on this subject. Even the elements of mathematics and geometry yield him examples. How lucidly he exposes the conjuring trick, the kind of logical legerdemain which is at the bottom of the *pons asinorum*. All scientific systems are explanations founded on identifications. We cheat ourselves into practical, useful, limited conclusions, leaving "irrationals" at the beginning and the end of our highest disquisitions. We cannot logically apprehend the difference between what is and what has been which, alone, would be sufficient to prevent a perfect identification. The irreversibility of all phenomena, that constant presence of irrationals impossible to unify and conciliate, make it, if not impossible to adopt a monist conception of thought and life, conscience, and art, at least very difficult.

* * *

Metaphysics, before and inside physics, the necessary presence of irrationals in the exercise of reason, such in the main is, according to Meyerson, the essence of thinking. We move between elastic walls. Reason cannot apprehend life since it is made and meant to discover not what is but what fits. It can neither solve the problem of what is, nor leave it alone. It remains ever in search of a satisfactory solution, which can only be unsatisfactory. It cannot do more, or less, or otherwise. This is what Meyerson calls the paradox of epistemology. "I use the word *paradox*, said Seeley, in its original sense of a proposition that is really true though it sounds false."

The dignity of science is not impaired by that paradox. It is true that reason, ever in quest of a fresh explanation of the world, ever meets irrationals. But it lives on good terms with these, even in its own house. Irrationality begins at home. They are not threatening, those irreversible and irreducible companions, not even mysterious, except for the reasoning part of us, when it sets about analyzing. We feel them around us like dear, mute relations and, if they encroach, we may set them back in their proper place, but can neither make them speak, nor murder them. Reason, and science, its daughter, may narrow the field of irrationality, though they cannot hope to remove entirely its frontier. That would be like trying to start from nowhere or land in the air. The fact remains that science only, nothing but science, can control the results of the scientific spirit. Reason interprets experience. Experience corrects reason. But experience has always the last word. A fresh experiment, if it smashes an old theory, necessitates a fresh one. But a theory it must be. Hypotheses succeed each other. The necessity of hypothesis remains. The man of science often fancies that he has at last found an all-explaining truth. This is an invigorating illusion, but an illusion none the less.

* * *

But without the lure of total explanation there would be no science, no human knowledge, even of humanity. What Meyerson cannot swallow in positivism (and sociology) is its veto against metaphysics, its pretence of finding laws while ignoring causes. We are born metaphysicians, we cannot help it. Action, instinctive action, may seem more spontaneous and deeper-seated than thought. The first use of thinking may be to make tools, shape instruments. Its nature is different. Meyerson thinks of intellect as apprehending its nature, and finds it speculative in essence, and disinterested.

In this respect, Meyerson is a rescuer, a liberator. He never preaches, avoids proselytism, repudiates secession, and none the less, acts as an emancipating power. He has contributed more perhaps than any thinker alive to a restoration of the highest "values" in our intellectual nature (much denounced in the last generation) and reduced to its real import their verbal and scholastic opposition. For instance, he reinstates speculative reason as ruler of the world, though prisoner of herself. He disentangles the human intellect at work from the shacklings of collective compulsion, redeems it from the straight waistcoat of sociological necessity. It is true that he leaves us, as thinking units, under contradictions inherent to the exercise of intelligence. But this is a living paradox, it is part of us; inner, individual, not paralyzing. It hinders no fulfilment. Yes, there is an element of redemption in Meyersonism. He makes a point of remaining objective; his language is severely restrained in tone; he never indulges in a flight of rhetoric; he is at immense pains to express the various shades of his meaning and his thoroughness may seem at times tedious and slow. The movement of his mind is none the less epic and lyric in turns. Any great philosopher is also a poet.

* * *

Let us come to the impact of Meyerson's system of thought upon literature and art, and turn from his criticism of philosophy to a philosophy of criticism. Here I am going to anticipate. Meyerson has not yet produced its full effect. My anticipation may fall beside the mark. No mere man is a prophet in his own country. Still less in others. But precedents authorize prophecies. And, as surely as the last generation has been informed with Bergsonian principles, so surely Meyerson and his ideas will influence the next.

According to Meyerson, the human mind can neither dispense with the notion of an external world nor abstain from an attempt at a total explanation, essentially deductive and speculative, necessarily partial, abortive, temporary, but nevertheless necessary. Its workings begin and end in a paradox. But life and nature do not resent paradoxes. There is no satisfaction for our thinking nature outside the Meyersonian alternative.

Art being also an exercise and a satisfaction of human nature is submitted in its expression to the same necessity as science. You cannot divide mental activities, into compartments, erect a wall across the spirit. What is "necessary" is necessary. Literature and art can neither do without the postulate of an objective reality, nor avoid a demonstration, an explanation. They, also, must uncover something. In fact, the oldest fictions (and the newest) contain a detective story element. There must be a *deus* or a *homo ex machina*, the gods or the hero. An epiphany is wanted. A minimum of organization, instruction, movement, machinery—yes, machinery, however much-abused,—is not only legitimate, but necessary, never absent. Whether it be religion, fatality, retribution, character, situation, antecedents, heredity, evolution, sex, humors, or tendencies, there is in literature and art something which, being contained in the known elements of the case, explains the unknown, extracts a solution from the data, brings out their identity. This identification, though forever incomplete, is what satisfies the mind as soon as established or suggested. It is not a weakness but a necessity.

Art (originally skill, technique) is first, if not foremost, the ability to bring out identity. In its principle it is, like science, a research of what fits. It means today much more, but it has always meant that. There was and is an art of mathematics: "A mathematician can infallibly know by the Rules of Art," says old R. Barclay, "that the three angles of a triangle are together equal to two right angles." It is only in later times that "art" has become limited in one sense to imitation, design, representation, and extended in another sense to the very spirit of things. It is only under the sway of a rationalism deprived of its paradox, that "quality" (or value) has become a mere opinion (cf. Descartes, Democritus), and art an airy something divorced from knowledge and tending through impressionism to eliminate organization.

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One of the effects of Meyersonism is in consequence to exonerate science in the making (not ready-made science) from the opprobrium it now suffers when detected in the expression of art. It tends to rehabilitate the intellectual management in artistic activity. Ten years ago, at the end of a small book on the "English Novel of our Time" I wrote:

> Let us suppose that a day comes when the new psychology has emphasized the dependence of the conscious upon the unconscious, dethroned premeditation, abolished the logic of mind and action, . . . related all emotions, almost all life, to the vital and sexual instincts; in short, substituted

(*Continued on page* 1175)

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The Cinema and Peace

MOTION PICTURE PROBLEMS. The Cinema and the League of Nations. By WILLIAM MARSTON SEABURY. New York: Avondale Press. 1929.

THE KING WHO WAS A KING. An Unconventional Novel. By H. G. WELLS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANK TUTTLE

Propaganda pictures, with a predominating theme glorifying war and which incidentally hold up to ridicule and disparagement race, religion, and nationalistic attributes, are produced and exhibited in increasing numbers.

Their inevitable effect is to stimulate racial and national dislikes which readily ripen into hatreds and ultimately lead to and encourage war. . . .

The first step in the organization of an effective world peace in support of the anti-war Treaties of August 27, 1928, will necessarily be the formulation of appropriate ways and means to induce all of the instrumentalities of public communication and influence to "scrap" the war mind and to think in terms of world peace, and the first of the instrumentalities of public communication and influence to be appropriately controlled and made amenable to a reasonable and universally beneficial use of its immense power to influence the masses of the world, is the motion picture.

THIS statement—which develops into a proposal that an International Cinema Alliance should be formed which would in turn request inspection, instead of censorship, applied at the source of production by League of Nations Inspectors empowered to mark all films containing pro-war propaganda—is the high point of "Motion Picture Problems." Mr. Seabury further expands this idea to take care of other motion picture problems —"those which primarily affect the public welfare from an educational, moral, artistic, and cultural point of view, and those which primarily affect the trade which involve economic, industrial, and commercial consideration."

Any brief review of Mr. Seabury's book, which is a serious, thoughtful, and heavily documented work, must obviously fail to do it full justice, since it reaches its conclusions through a necessarily intricate argument backed up by quotations from dignitaries ranging from Mussolini to Professor Hugo Munsterberg. Perhaps it will be wise, therefore, to reverse the arrangement of the book, and review only briefly its chapters on economic problems, devoting a larger space to its discussion of the movies and an international entente. At any rate this method has a distinct advantage for the reviewer since it leads him gracefully into his other assignment, a review of "The King who was a King," Mr. H. G. Wells's scenario for a moving picture designed to promote the peace of the world.

* * *

Mr. Seabury calls for a voluntary reapportionment of trade in the picture industry, proposing to utilize in this connection, as in the case of his other reforms, a cinema committee of the League of Nations. The reasons for and against the desirability (even for America) of limiting the monopoly of the United States in the cinema industry are obviously too involved for discussion here, but when Mr. Seabury treats of a similar control at its source of the cultural and idea content of pictures his purpose will be clear to anyone at all familiar with censorship as it functions today, through state laws in this country, and through governmental agencies in other nations. Here Mr. Seabury's idea is to substitute for censorship (which he implies is dangerous in giving individuals the right "to judge concerning the political, philosophical, or religious tendencies of the films presented") or sincere internal reform on the part of the industry (which he considers unlikely) the idea of League of Nations Inspectors who would examine films at their source and affix to them a specific description of their violation of previously established canons of a moral, cultural, and political nature, or give them a clean bill of health if they were guiltless of any transgression in these respects. Thus the Inspector would have no authority to prohibit or change a picture, but would so classify it that it could be refused by any nation which it offended, or prosecuted where it violated any already existing law.

To anyone in the industry who has been startled by the sometimes amazing and always incalculable "cuts" ordered by various censorship boards in this country, Mr. Seabury's proposal must seem the most sane solution which has yet been offered.

As to his skepticism concerning any sincere desire in the industry itself for cleaner, more intelligent, and less internationally offensive pictures when these attributes conflict with greater box-office returns, his cynicism might be more pointed if it were not so applicable to all forms of Big Business, which has, after all, never been particularly altruistic in any struggle between the law and the profits. In other words, this criticism of the selfish motives of American picture producers is really a criticism of the entire capitalistic system—and that, as the presidential vote will tell him, is another and longer story. As a matter of fact efforts *are* being made in the industry (whatever the motives may be) to improve the quality of its output. In the studio where this reviewer directs pictures whose purpose is avowedly along the lines of popular entertainment there is, for example, a foreign department which issues bulletins of national reactions to the product. This department also reads every scenario before it is produced and makes a violent protest if the story contains elements which it believes will be offensive to any nation (Mr. Seabury's idea of inspection at the source applied of its own accord in a commercial studio). In the reviewer's own experience a villainous character was voluntarily changed from a definite nationality to a vague "European," because the

Illustration by C. B. Falls for R. L. Stevenson's "A Lodging for the Night" (Limited Editions Club).

foreign department caught this possible affront to another nation in the script.

However, this instance is merely by way of slightly tempering one point of Mr. Seabury's criticisms and proposals. Certainly his schemes should be welcomed by those companies which realize the situation, the more so since by an international inspection their competitors would be forced to be equally conscientious or run the risk of foreign rejection or domestic prosecution.

Published almost simultaneously with this treatise on the problems of the movies, Mr. Wells's scenario comes as a sort of positive complement to Mr. Seabury's "don'ts." Feeling, apparently, that an ounce of production is worth a pound of cure, the hundred-fisted Mr. Wells turns a few of his hands to hammering out a gusty movie of a fictitious King who is faced with a triple problem. Mr. Wells's hero may allow the kingdom to which he has suddenly fallen heir to follow its conventional destiny and become a pawn in the war-game of bigger powers, he may take control himself and make a stand against war, or he may refuse to become involved at all and continue to live as a private citizen in America. Needless to say, he chooses the middle course and resisting all temptations to be used by other nations, he becomes a super-man. The whole story is told as Mr. Wells imagines it appearing on the screen. He uses only occasionally the technical references to fade-outs, dissolves, and closeups of the professional continuity writer—although he is obviously familiar with them—and substitutes a novelist's description of these phenomena as they would appear to any layman looking at the picture. Thus we have, preceding the Wellsian Vision of Modern War:

Paul (the King) sits thinking deeply—not sleeping at first—not at first dreaming.

The shadows descend about him. He reappears—but now this is in his meditation—still sitting on his throne, but in great darkness. Then, like thistledown, the newspapers begin to fly about him. They drop and curl about. Some fly up towards the screen so as to be seen in detail. (I suggest producer shall study skate swimming about in an aquarium.)

One sees:

Sons of Clavery. War! War!
The Claverian Patriot. War! War!

The words War! War! detach themselves and fly across amidst the papers.

They become like a snowstorm and change in shape, changing into æroplanes that pass even more swiftly. A sort of glare like the glare of fire appears behind the King.

Then follows the vision of modern war.

The scenario is full of good, effective picture stuff. It is inevitable that so didactic a scenario should be somewhat talky—"over titled," they would probably say at a studio—and the final episode is undeniably an anti-climax. Both these difficulties could and doubtless would be largely overcome in the final preparation and editing of the film. I almost said "will be overcome," but there is a somewhat wistful note at the end of the book which seems to indicate a doubt in the mind of Mr. Wells as to the actual production of his picture. I hope wholeheartedly that it is done—if it is well done—and there is no reason why it shouldn't be, despite the fact that it calls for considerable capital, a first-class release, a King Vidor to direct it, and a Richard Dix to play Paul. With the silent picture situation what it is, I believe that both a talking and a silent version should be made (in the United States the former form of entertainment has almost a monopoly on the big, first-run theatres).

Mr. Wells says, "At the least the writer hopes this will prove a provocative and interesting failure." Considering that this is the initial attempt by a first class writer to get a plea for world peace on the screen (there was a peace film called "Civilization" produced and released in the United States during the early years of the War) the above statement seems almost tragically modest to this reviewer, who happens also to be a moving picture director. If it is even faintly interesting to Mr. Wells, this director (and I'm sure there will be many others equally enthusiastic) would like nothing better than the chance to arrange with his boss (who is a far-seeing and modern-minded gentleman) a vacation without pay—this vacation to be devoted to the filming, still without pay of course, of "The King Who Was a King."

Out of Hades

THE ADVENTURES OF AN OUTLAW. By RALPH RASHLEIGH. Edited by the EARL OF BIRKENHEAD. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by MARK BARR

WHEN Charles Reade wrote "The Cloister and the Hearth" he used material based upon fact. And when we scan that classic tale a second time, we see two factors of its value artfully combined but separately to be traced; first the factual adventures, and secondly the manner of presentation. But the incidents were manufactured out of facts by Reade's genius.

In the adventures of Ralph Rashleigh we are reminded of Reade though there is no parallel in the tale. But we almost feel that the splendor of this story depends upon a superior element, a masterly monochrome of incident as compared with Reade's rich variety; an adventure which creates the style of its presentation. Rashleigh has many experiences, but there is a single quality of event, one tone ever of the same depth, deep to black awe, one long stroke of hideous irony. No Greek tragedy exhibits a narrower march of doom, nor by its singularity a more certain inevitability in presentation.

Herbert Paul, I think, said the last word upon realism when he put fact, for literature, in a new category. Actuality may be stupidly unreal and unusable in a good book, but this does not mean that the author may lie out of hand nor dress up fact to hide its essence. And in "The Adventures of an Outlaw" we have even more than the essence of fact; there is in it inevitability of such a quality that no reader can question the basic truth. It is not fiction.

Ralph Rashleigh, an articled clerk in London one hundred years ago, stumbled into petty crime and fell to serious thieving for which the punishment was imprisonment and death. But the immediate horror of his early career was the effect of jail life by which he was driven to a cynicism that made of him an incurable criminal for whom, in the view of time, hanging was considered only too good. Indeed a reprieve, or the alternative of transportation

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for life to Australia, was worse than death and not an escape from Hell. Yet men who live in torture very often hold to life as Ralph Rashleigh did through many years in criminal camps.

He was not vicious, not bestial in any act of his; he was a weak and strangely naive young man, never too embittered. But he could not win especial favor; his fate in those sadistic times was over relentless, ever as hard and continuous as that of the very lowest brutes in camp. Under it he lost his cynicism and all criminal instinct.

One sees with despair his ingenuous failures to profit by his comparative superiority. Thus, at a time when the reader hopes he will escape the worst, Rashleigh makes a sort of political speech (far more innocent than many now made in Congress) and he is sent to Emu Plains, a colony of horror, a hell of cruelty not to have been imagined by the Marquis de Sade. Rashleigh, when he made this one of many absurd slips, had been luckily assigned as helper to a schoolmaster in Sydney, but he threw away this good fortune unknowingly.

When by rare chance he wins certain relief, even when the camp Court is inclined to deal lightly with him on a trumped up indictment, Ralph topples again into Hades where his fellow prisoners make up the torture he has so nearly missed. There is no question of Rashleigh's winning favor from the prisoners; there is no room for the merest wraith of amenity among them.

It is remarkable how the reader is held on the single note of unchanging hardship, the continuous misery, against which incredible schemes are laid. But in spite of Fate there is always breathless hope. One reads on through another and another amazing adventure and thinks that nothing could be worse;—surely at last Rashleigh must come to the end, must escape. It grows worse, though there are exceptions.

He is assigned to work on the farms now and then, and this gives him comparative peace. But useless cruelty seems to have spread to the soul of the colony beyond the prisons to the free men and women who should have no morbid reason to believe in brutality. They rejoice in cheap prison labor, but they destroy the workman by insane pressure upon him.

At last Rashleigh is freed from serfdom by Bushrangers who attack the last farmhouse to which he has been assigned. But he is to know a new slavery; he is compelled to join the murderous bandits. His experiences under Philip Foxley make a terrifying story, and one realizes how the Bushrangers, who were escaped convicts, were driven to crime and revenge and went beyond revenge to madness.

Then there are the savage black men, the aborigines. The reader feels that the end must come in the forest where capture, always imminent, means death at the hands of the natives. And yet Rashleigh, when the Bushrangers are at last wiped out and he is free, is taken into a tribe and is treated well.

His hardships end when he rescues a family of whites from the natives and is taken to "New England" in Australia to work as a black servant. And now there is adventure of a very different kind, especially when he removes the dye and appears as a white man.

The reader is never put off by consciousness of a tale cooked up,—written for effect. It is true that Rashleigh, or his first editor, skilfully put the tale together and painted some pictures, but in so far as this has been done it is excellent art.

The Comédie Française, "House of Molière," and the world's oldest legitimate theatre, may become the French home of the talking movies if a proposal made at the extraordinary meeting of its members is adopted. Meanwhile literary, art, and dramatic circles are up in arms.

The proposal arose when the members were called together to discuss the action of one of the cast in signing a contract for an American talking picture. The majority of the members felt that none should act for the talkies unless the whole company so engaged.

Dr. Emile Fabre then, as an alternative, suggested the "talkies" be produced at an old theatre branch on the Rue de Richelieu for the benefit of the provinces and the colonies and foreign countries while the regular classic repertoire was continued on the principal stage.

The question will be decided at another meeting shortly.

New Poetry

THE POETRY QUARTOS. Twelve Brochures, each containing a new poem by an American poet. Designed, printed, and made by PAUL JOHNSTON and published by Random House. 1929. $10.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THIS, with the exception of a Cabellian item, is the first excursion of Random House in the field of contemporary *belles lettres*. Their initial publication "Candide," illustrated by Rockwell Kent, and the subsequent edition of "The Scarlet Letter" earned the young publishers the right to be classed with the leading distributors of distinguished books, and their activities in behalf of The Nonesuch Press (in England), The Fountain Press (in America), and The Bremer Press (in Germany) have won the respect of those interested in beautiful books. This latest limited edition is no disappointment.

Here, charming in format and arresting in content, are twelve hitherto unpublished poems by as many American poets, each poem printed in a separate folio and the series boxed in a specially designed case. The check list comprises "Prelude," by Conrad Aiken; "Sagacity," by William Rose Benét; "Roots," by Witter Bynner; "The Aspirant," by Theodore Dreiser; "Red Roses for Bronze," by H. D.; "The Lovely Shall Be Choosers," by Robert Frost; "Body and Stone," by Alfred Kreymborg; "Rigamarole, Rigamarole," by Vachel Lindsay; "The Prodigal Son," by Edwin Arlington Robinson; "Monologue for Mothers," by Genevieve Taggard; "Adirondack Cycle," by Louis Untermeyer; "Birthday Sonnet," by Elinor Wylie. With three exceptions, most of the poems are longish (H. D.'s runs to nearly two hundred lines) and with three exceptions, the contributions are all that we might have asked of their authors. The two outstanding poems are Frost's "The Lovely Shall be Choosers" and Robinson's "The Prodigal Son"; both are unusual and at the same time characteristic examples. Frost's, a particularly intense communication, keyed higher than most of his work, is in irregular blank verse which begins:

> The Voice said, "Hurl her down!"
>
> The Voices said, "How far down?"
>
> "Seven levels of the world."
>
> "How much time have we?"
> "Take twenty years.
> She would refuse love safe with honor,
> The Lovely shall be choosers, shall they?
> Then let them choose!"

Robinson's treatment of the Biblical legend is not so much in his later as in his "Miniver Cheevy" vein with a force behind the couplets that is both nonchalant and biting. The prodigal, speaking to his righteous and reproachful brother, concludes:

> We are so different when we are dead
> That you, alive, may weep for what you said;
> And I, the ghost of one you could not save,
> May find you planting lentils on my grave.

Of texture so fine that it needs something more than the brain to apprehend its significance, Elinor Wylie's posthumous sonnet escapes the limitations of its borders. Typical of the increasing depth of her poetry, the sestet has that profundity of speech, the authority, the finality of tone that marks her last work. William Rose Benét's lines are a rebuke and tribute in one:

> We knew so much; when her beautiful eyes would lighten,
> Her beautiful laughter follow our phrase;
> Or the gaze go hard with pain, the lips tighten,
> On the bitterer days.
> Oh, ours was all knowing then, all generous displaying.
> Such wisdom we had to show!
> And now there is merely silence, silence, silence saying
> All we did not know.

Genevieve Taggard's breathless "Monologue for Mothers" and Conrad Aiken's viola-timbred "Prelude" have, under the music of the verse, a troubled counterpoint. Each bears a double theme; each succeeds where a single false progression, one wrongly placed modulation, would have sounded instant failure. The same, alas, can not be said for Vachel Lindsay's "Rigamarole, Rigamarole" unless it is meant to be just that, or for Alfred Kreymborg's flat quatrains, or for Theodore Dreiser's staccato prose.

But if every poet is not at his brightest or his best, and if Paul Johnston's typography is, once in a while, a little tricky, and his drawings now and then reminiscent of Macknight Kauffer's idiomatic designs for Faber and Gwyer's similar series, collectors—and readers—have much to be grateful for. I can think of only one serious complaint: only 475 copies of this varied and extremely vivid collection were printed. This, in both senses, is the limit.

Song and Dance

THE ELIZABETHAN JIG. By CHARLES READ BASKERVILL. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by EDWARD BLISS REED

THE songs of the Tudor and Stuart drama are known to all lovers of poetry, thanks to the anthologists; and Canon Fellowes and the English Singers have made us appreciate the beauties of Elizabethan madrigal and motet. Contemporaneous with the lyrics of Shakespeare and the polyphony of Byrd there existed a third type of song of which the general reader has probably never heard. It was always accompanied by dance; it was of a much lower caste than the songs of the playwrights and the lutenists; it was sentimental, satiric, and at times utterly disreputable, and, therefore, it became the delight of the groundlings. It is to this now forgotten *genre*—the jig—that Professor Baskervill's scholarly and interesting volume is devoted.

The jig was "a dance in which wheeling or turning on the toe was a conspicuous feature." Song went with it and "jig" became a generic term for what is now called in the vernacular "a song and dance act." Originating in popular songs and in folk gatherings, the actors saw its great possibilities for entertainment and brought it to the stage. Often when a play ended, to the delight of the pit—and possibly the boxes—the jigs came on. We have always wondered how the base mechanics, who stood, wedged in a crowd before the stage, endured the verbal subtleties, the lyric flights, and the gorgeous rhetoric of their dramatists. After reading this book, we suspect it may be because they were buoyed up by the knowledge that jigs would follow the play.

Of all jig makers and performers, Richard Tarlton bore the bell. He it was who made Elizabeth "laugh so excessively, as he fought against her little dog with his sword and long staffe, and bade the Queen take off her mastic" (mastiff) that the Queen "bade them take away the knave." Tarlton was succeeded by Kemp and a score of others who carried the jig to Germany where it enjoyed great popularity and the sincere flattery of imitation. Of the thirty-six jigs printed in Part II of this volume—and they include every text that Professor Baskervill could find—twelve are in German.

Professor Baskervill not only writes the history of the jig, its rise and fall, but he gives a very careful analysis of its relation to the ballad and discusses the plots of these dramatic songs. One may doubt if a stone has been left unturned or any contemporary reference to the jig omitted. And if the few jigs that remain, and which Professor Baskervill prints, do not impress us by their language or plot, it must be remembered that they were made to be heard and seen, not read, and that the acting and singing made them.

This book is a valuable contribution to the records of the English stage. The student of drama and of cultural history will find here much material that he can not afford to overlook. Professor Baskervill is judicious in his opinions and theories; he is clear and interesting in presenting his material, and indefatigable in his researches. This volume will remain the authority on the subject.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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A Gallant Skipper's Yarns

THE PEDRO GORINO. The Adventures of a Negro Sea-Captain in Africa and on the Seven Seas in his attempts to Found an Ethiopian Empire. An Autobiographical Narrative, by CAPTAIN HARRY DEAN. Written with the assistance of STERLING NORTH. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by CAPTAIN DAVID W. BONE

ONE hesitates whether to dismiss Captain Dean's autobiography as the vague outpourings of a single-minded mariner or take Mr. Sterling North to task for having "fankled" the gallant skipper's yarns almost beyond hope of unravelment. Two souls with but a single thought, and that, to put quote marks around the word "negro." It seems heartless to begin thus with an apparent racial bias, but Mr. North is as insistent upon provoking such comment as Captain Dean is stoutly desirous of prolonging it. For an understanding of the book, the Preface is enlightening. Captain Dean meets his collaborator on the campus of the University of Chicago.

. . . he talked of Africa, inland mountains where multicolored birds sang in unbelievable foliage. He told of days when there still were pirates on the seas, of battles he had seen, of storm and shipwreck . . . "I look like a poor old man," he said, "but I am a prince in my own right back in Africa. I know things that would make the King of England tremble on his throne. I know facts that would make the imperialists of every nation blush with shame. And yet I can't get money enough to keep body and soul together. Listen," he said; "I know the history of Africa sixteen thousand years. Why, I am blood brother to more than one king. There is not a drop of slave blood in my body." He had trailed off into another subject, and it was growing dark.

I seem to have heard the "blood brother" phrase before, but Mr. North is no Ethelreda Lewis, and his advocacy of the Captain is distinguished only by pity for the straits to which a somewhat picturesque old sea rover is reduced.

Born in 1864, young Dean went first to the sea at the age of twelve years in his uncle's ship, the *Traveler*. Throughout the book few dates are mentioned, but it must have been about 1900 when he purchased a vessel of his own, the *Pedro Gorino* of Stavanger. She was a small topsail schooner of about seventy feet in length and in her he sailed for South Africa, arriving in Table Bay during the early stages of the Boer war. Although content to employ his schooner in the ways of trade (and sea trade and shipping were profitable at the time), Captain Dean had other ends in view. He sought an opportune moment to—

instigate a movement to rehabilitate Africa and found such an Ethiopian Empire as the world has never seen. It would be greater than the empire in Haiti, for while that Island kingdom with its Toussaint l'Ouvertures and Christophes produced great palaces, and forts, and armies—battalions strong enough to whip the best soldiery of France—yet the island itself is a mere pin-point on the earth's surface compared to the great continent of Africa where I planned to build my empire.

In a further two hundred pages the narrative is thin and obscure, obviously padded by the enthusiastic but naïve collaborator. Captain Dean makes many coasting voyages, journeys overland to the country of the Pondos, sees some little of the war in progress, and comes to believe in himself as a clever plotter. Granted that, at the time of the Boer war, the disposition and attitude of the "native" tribes (I also may be allowed to use quotes) was keenly scrutinized by both Boer and Briton, it is inconceivable that a wandering seaman from a coasting schooner should be made an object of hate and persecution by the high authorities of the Colony. Captain Dean avows himself a dreamer; one can accept his avowal when reading of the great offer that was made to him. He met the secretary to the Governor-General of Portuguese East Africa. There was talk of high politics in the best romantic manner of intrigue.

I asked him to explain himself, and he, thinking that I too was playing the game, complied.

"Of course you understand that we have been watching your movements up and down the coast, your stops at Pondo Land, East London, and Port Elizabeth. Your search is ended. I offer you the opportunity for which you have been seeking, and I offer it in a way that will make your act seem wholly lawful."

I tried to cover my amazement. "Just what is my reputed position in Africa?" I asked. "And what have I been attempting outside of my lawful business in the coast trade?"

"Everyone knows," he told me, "that you are an intelligence officer in the employ of the American Government and one of the most dangerous sort, since your power over the native is tremendously increased because of your color. As for the immediate object for which you are striving, that too is well known. You have been seeking an opening for your government, any tiny port or town.

"I deny every word of it," I said hotly.

"Perhaps you represent another power, another country another faction, or let us say an organization of your own people"; he shrugged his shoulders, "the situation remains primarily the same."

I saw clearly now, and my reply was evasive as I knew it must be.

His voice dropped to a whisper. "I am offering you the vast territory of Portuguese East Africa including the city of Lorenco Marques for the ridiculously low figure of fifty thousand pounds sterling."

Meyersonism

(*Continued from page* 1172)

for the illusion of an independent activity, that permanent representation which is the faculty of the simplest creatures and organisms. . . . Then the novel can cease to be narrative analysis and sentiment; it will become instead a simple string of perceptions, impressions, and notations, innocent of all preparation, all connection, and all obvious or perceptible cohesion. . . .

This prediction has since been more than fulfilled in some quarters. Not only literature, but painting and music have continued on the path of disintegration and incongruity.

It is not against the wrongness (for nothing is wrong that is sincere) but against the infantile incompleteness of that sort of art that Meyersonism is a reaction. It tends to reassert the dignity of a cohesive element which knows its limits, but also its power, and vice versa. It reclaims the sequence and consequence of thought and language. This, as I am going to emphasize, is only one side of its influence. It must be insisted upon because it is so frequently overlooked by the younger disciples of Meyerson.

* * *

In that part of creative intelligence and activity which is arbitrarily attributed to science or art, but belongs undivided to their partnership and commonwealth, Time, the much-abused, Time, miserable because measurable, and odious to the Bergsonian generation, finds itself regenerated by Meyersonism, and granted a fresh lease of life. It is a fashionable and easy trick to pose as the enemy of time, to affect to despise history, and to enclose past and present within one's individual omniscience. But Meyerson has proved that there is a real unity of process in the highest workings of the human mind. All discovery, all invention, postulate a cloud, a veil to be raised, something that passes or vanishes, under which we find a recognizable residue. Even if time could be completely dissociated into space as measurable, and duration as irreducible to quantity, the notion of time would still remain indispensable to mental activity, be it artistic or scientific. Meyerson does not at all minimize one of its aspects in favor of the other. He was one of the first scientists and philosophers of our time to reaffirm that the sense of ultimate reality cannot be deductive, quantitative, and, in consequence, to proclaim in poetry, fiction, and art, the power of conveying a quality of real knowledge, otherwise uncommunicable. Some trends of thought in Whitehead and Eddington are unmistakably Meyersonian. The author of "Identity and Reality" has marked more clearly and earlier than perhaps any philosopher of this century, the specifically scientific limits of science. He constantly refers to the opposition between thought and reality from which springs the function of art, as witness the following quotations from "Deduction Relativiste:"

We want the Real to be rational; at the same time we feel that it cannot be, that our desire is vain. We feel it to such a degree that while straining to demonstrate that the real is also rational, or inversely that our reason can achieve reality, as soon as we think that object more or less attained, whatever has been demonstrated as rational in the real becomes as unreal to us. . . . There is a principle of paradox in our minds. What we conceive as the intimate essence of the real coïncides (for instance, in fiction and drama) with the individual, it lies in the non-deductive and non-rational. . . . Art, in its highest form, aims at embracing and expressing all perceptible reality, while science tends to eliminate the share of the subject in observed phenomena. . . . We aspire to a complete synthesis, which alone is able to express the plenitude of reality. . . . This synthesis (if ever established) will not affect the methods of science, for it has definitely mapped its course, and, without possible reversion, given up quality, value, for the sake of quantity. . . . but (in so doing) it drops that part of the real which, to the artist, is the essence of reality.

Nothing can be more definite than the Meyersonian attitude towards Art. Art is the knowledge which science cannot reach. There is an art of mathematics, no mathematics of art. Science does not depend on the scientist, but art is in the artist. Reason, always in quest of truth, unable to attain substance, confined to structure, yearns nevertheless for something more which art provides. Scientific knowledge is spatial, temporal, quantitative. But the knowledge of all knowledge pierces through space, time, quantity, and discerns another sort of perception, which reaches quality, compasses value, and conveys the ineffable. That is art. It does not teach. But it communicates to the mind an attitude and a movement that lead to the nearest contact of reality that we can achieve. It is disinterested, individual, irreducible to any utilitarian object or ethical necessity. On these issues, Meyerson is quite clear.

* * *

But art, to be apprehended, must be expressed, and it cannot be expressed except through a mind shaped by reason. It must use the instruments of science. Perhaps we can conceive a world without literature, but not a literature without words. Any language is a compound of action, sensation, and logic.

There, the paradox of epistemology reappears. Science, founded on irrationals, tries to evade irrationality though it feels it impossible. Art, supported in its expression by rationality, is ever trying to do without that support and cannot succeed. In its attempts it becomes inexpressive, or inaccessible.

Perhaps the knowledge of all knowledge is that which includes both the deductive and inductive. Perception is of things, not abstractions. Science and art are not incompatible, but complementary. They must live—or die—together. The one explains more than it suggests, the other suggests more than it explains. Balanced but not racked between quantity and quality, number and value, space and time, time and duration, unity and diversity, speculation and representation, prose and poetry, poetry and mere aspiration, unable to find an absolute criterion either of truth or beauty, we feel that each of those couples is integrated in the knowledge of knowledge which Meyersonism tends to approximate.

Such a doctrine is evidently disturbing. The scientist tries to ignore the irrational postulate at the basis of science. The artist dissimulates to himself the part of mechanism which supports all expression of his art. If art and science are a game like everything else, Meyerson spoils the scientists's game as well as the artist's. He spoils them in the measure of their mutual incomprehension. In a world full but impatient, of mental customs-houses, Chinese walls, frontiers, and prohibitions, Meyersonism anticipates a philosophy of criticism where that sense of integrity in diversity shall predominate, without which there is no truth nor poetry, that is, no literature.

* * *

These are, if I am not mistaken, the directions in which Meyerson's ideas may influence not merely the whole, but every, department of intellectual production. They are already felt. The time is not far when many of our so-called literary discussions will be considered as Byzantine.

It is not suggested that a new doctrine has issued ready-made from Meyerson as Minerva sprang fully armed from Jove's brain. Nothing could be further from the intention of his teaching. Even if such a doctrine were shaping, it would only be another hypothesis, another starting point. What I suggest is that Meyersonism is leading towards the attitude outlined above. For the inadequateness of that outline I, alone, am responsible.

The new English opera "Judith," by Arnold Bennett and Eugene Goossens, was recently produced at Covent Garden.

The origin of the joint authorship, according to a representative of the London *Observer*, came about one day at lunch four years or so ago, when Mr. Goossens, picking up the story of Judith, said what a good opera it would make. Mr. Bennett agreed, and in due course wrote a version in one act. Mr. Goossens began the music, left off, and then, returning to the subject once again, suddenly finished it. The action takes place entirely in the camp of Holofernes.

Jean Giono, an obscure young bank clerk in the small provincial French town of Manosque, has won the twenty-five thousand franc *Prix Brentano* with his first novel, "Hill of Destiny."

The book was published in Paris under the title of "Colline." It deals with the peasants of France and the life they wring out of the bowels of the earth.

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The Bowling Green

Granules from an Hour Glass

IF A LITERARY REVIEW WERE WRITTEN
IN THE STYLE OF A RACING TIP SHEET

Here they are, friends. Today's transactions:—

ALL QUIET
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OMNIBUS OF CRIME

I will give $2500 IN CASH to any party that can prove I did not release ALL QUIET to my clients sooner than any other tipster.

Play these animals to the extreme. Inside knowledge prompts me to offer this advice. One of these may pay a $25 mutuel. Parlay them to the limit, to win only. They are primed for winning efforts. If I were permitted to give you some of the details about these affairs you would not hesitate but would sink the ship for all you could get down.

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OLD MAN SATURDAY
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* * *

Sometime ago I spoke of a very unusual volume of short stories, "The Grinder's Wheel" by Morley Roberts. The McDevitt Wilson bookshop in the Hudson Terminal building wants us to know that it has imported two copies (the book is not in print in this country) and has them on hand at 60 cents each for explorers.

If anyone takes advantage of this treasure trove, I should enjoy hearing what he thinks of the little volume, which contains two or three short stories as good as one is likely to find.

* * *

When one reprints something that has been published before with the superscription "By Request," and particularly at this indolent season, there is sometimes an uneasy suspicion that customers may think they are being gold-bricked.

Therefore let me explain the "By request" in the case of the following piece. I have a watch, given me as souvenier of the adventure narrated below. The watch was stolen a few weeks ago, but alert police tracked it down in an Eighth Avenue pawnshop. When I went there to retrieve it, I explained the special associations of the watch and the occasion when it was first used. The pawnbroker said he would like to read the story. So here it is.

* * *

ON TIME

(Reprinted by Request)

This was a little ceremony dedicated to Time; and as I came into the Grand Central Station the early afternoon sun slanted in bright diagonal from those high windows, exactly transecting the clock on the Information Desk in a clear swathe of light.

Not less decorously than a bride made ready for her groom is the Century inaugurated for departure. A strip of wedding carpet leads you down into the cathedral twilight of that long crypt. Like a bouquet of flowers her name shines in white bulbs on the observation platform. In the diner waiters' coats are laundered like surplices. Mr. Welch, the veteran conductor, carrying his little box of official sancta, has the serene benignant gravity of some high cleric. And as you walk by that long perspective of windows, you are aware they are not just a string of ten Pullman cars. They are fused by something even subtler than the liaison of airy pressure that holds them safe. They are merged into personality, become a creature loved, honored, and obeyed. This is a rite, you read it in every member of her crew. The blessed, the rich, the ultimate human faculty of Rising to the Occasion! And you can see them, porter just as gravely as Conductor, making obeisance to the little private deity each carries in his pocket. When railroad men compare notes on the time, they don't say (as you or I would) "two-forty", meaning forty minutes after two. They know the hour, and take it for granted. It's minutes and seconds that concern them. Ask Mr. Brady, engineer of the electric that takes out the First Section, what he "makes it", he'll reply "forty-fifteen". There was a severity on Mr. Brady's face as he sat studying his watch while Paul Hesse, the photographer, was trying to get a shot inside the engine—which was not planned for pictorial convenience. The time was close. It was 44-30, it was 44-45, it was 45. . . . Paul implored an extra ten seconds . . . it was 45-15. . . . No more of this nonsense. . . . Let's go!

Gently she steals out along a corridor of that dusty underground forest where colored lights gleam like tropic birds. "Green!" "Green!" you hear Brady and his helper saying aloud to each other, checking up each signal as soon as it comes in view. The electric engine has fascination and efficiency of its own, but in this ceremony one is bound to regard it as the father who takes the bride up the aisle on his arm. The father may be (I dare say usually is) more of a man than the groom; but the groom gets the romantic applause. So the electric is not a personality: just a miracle, smooth and swift it toles you past those upper reaches of the city. Looking out you see the Second Section spinning along, just abaft your stern, on the adjoining track. There's a little boy, perhaps four years old, who comes down to Spuyten Duyvil station every fair afternoon, with his nurse, to see the Century spin by. It's a part of an engineer's job to know his roadside clients and salute them. When Brady waves, the nursemaid can set her watch. It's 3.05. The bell chimes musically overhead, and again one feels that there is some sort of religion in all this. And I suppose (come to think of it) that isn't a bad sort of religion either: Getting There when you said you were Going To.

But what a moment, when you glide into Harmon and see waiting for you . . . what you came to see: one of the 5200's. Of course all that talk about the groom is nonsense, for at once you adore her as She. There's only one phrase adequate for her: Some Baby! Sharp work here: it must have been a couple of minutes, but in memory it seems only a few seconds of golden excitement. They can grin as they like at your borrowed overalls, *you're* the one that's going to ride that roaring child for 110 miles. Have you seen the Central's 5200's? This was 5217 and I shan't forget her. She seems as big as an ocean liner when you're in the cab.

They hand up a slip of paper to George Tully, the engineer. If you're the engineer of the Twentieth Century they don't tell you to get anywhere by a certain time. They tell you *not* to get there *before* such and such. The message, signed with 2 sets of initials, was "Do not arrive Albany before 5.38." George Tully consults his watch (a nice fat old Hamilton, he's carried it 24 years.) It's 3.36 and we're off.

I suppose the greatest moments in life are those when you don't believe it's yourself. It *can't* be you, in that holy of holies of small-boy imagination, the cab of an engine—and such an engine. More than that, made so welcome and at home by George Tully and Tom Cavanagh that you feel you belong there. Perhaps the simple truth is that if men have something they're enormously proud of, it's pure joy to show her off. And they are never so lovable as in their honest rivalries. "Well," Tom roared in my ear, as he explained the automatic stoking, "I wonder if the Pennsy's got anything better than this?" For the first thing that puzzles you is two big canted cylinders in the Cab. They revolve in spasms. These feed the coal into the firebox. A man couldn't shovel fast enough by hand to keep the pressure she needs (she eats up four tons between Harmon and Albany.) The fireman sits comfortably, with his eye on the steam gauge, and regulates the coal-feed by turning a handle. I could tell you a lot about the marvel of that firebox, and the "butterfly-door" that opens in two wings to show you her fierce heart-full of flame and hardly anything else. The coal is practically consumed by the time it reaches the floor of the furnace. I fed her myself for quite a way. "Keep the gauge at 220", Tom said. "No black smoke, and don't let the safety valve lift. Every time she lifts that means 20 gallons of water wasted—costs 3 cents." "Keep her hot," George Tully shouted to me, grinning. "We've got 5 minutes to make up."

That was part of the fun of this ride: I had a chance to see how things go when the breaks are against you. For there's a lot of work doing along the line: four-trackage being put in, the new tunnel at Storm King, and unavoidable slow-downs. "We'll be knocked out 6 minutes before we reach Beacon," Tully said. "We'll get it back."

Astonishing how soon one adjusts one's judgments. Leaning from the cab window, watching the flash of her great pistons, watching the 2500-ton train come creaming along so obediently behind us, one soon began to think anything less than 60 mere loitering. All the imaginations that the cab might be uncomfortable riding were bosh. There is hardly—at any rate in those heavy 5200's—any more sway or movement than in the Pullmans themselves. The one thing a constant automobile driver finds disconcerting is the lack of steering. As you come rocketing toward a curve you wonder why the devil George doesn't turn a wheel to prevent her going clean off. And then you see her great gorgeous body meet the arc in that queer straight way—a constantly shifting tangent—and—well, you wish you could lay your hand on her somehow so she'd know how you feel. When George began to let her out a bit, beyond Beacon, I just had to go over and yell at him that I thought this 5217 of his was a good girl. With the grave pleasure of the expert he said, "They're right there when you need 'em." He let me blow the whistle, which makes one feel an absolute part of her. Yes, if you were listening (about 4.48) that was me.

Alive, shouting, fluttering her little green flags, she divided the clear cool afternoon. Looking out into that stream of space I could have lapsed into dream. I came closer than ever before to the actual texture of Time whereof our minds are made. This was not just air or earth that we flew upon, this was the seamless reality of Now. We were abreast of the Instant. It was Time that we fed into the flaming furnace, it was Time that flickered in the giant wheels. This was the everlasting Now, we kept even pace with it and so the mind was (literally) in its own element, motionless and at ease. Terribly great, senseless, ecstatic, mad with her single destiny, yet with queer pathos in her whole great mass, so much at our command. Her cab looked like a clock-shop, so many gauges and dials. But there is no clock in an engine cab. She makes her litany to one god only—the intent man who sits leaning forward so gravely. And he verifies himself by the other little god—the tiny one in his pocket. As you watch him you understand what he said—"There's no two trips alike. They're always on your nerve."

Green! Green! they kept repeating to one another across the cab; Tom and I sat on the port side where I could see the whole panorama of the Hudson, and far down a curve of the river a white plume where the Second Section came merrily behind us, keeping her 3 mile distance. And, with Tim, I waved to the regular clients—the "Pig-Woman;" the two priests in cassocks and birettas, near Poughkeepsie; the Cleary Girls in Hyde Park, whose husband and father is the flagman at that crossing; and many more. And then Tom said suddenly, after a glance at his watch, "We've got the dope on 'em now. 49 minutes to do 45 miles." I began to see that when chance works against him, the engineman instinctively personifies the unforgiving minutes into mysterious enemies who are trying to spoil things. These mischievous divinities had been hovering about us, making us scoop up water (you have to slow down to 45 for that) or what not; but now we had the dope on them. And the engineer has some very subtle inward correlation of the feel of things; so that even before he verifies his instinct by minutes and seconds, he knows how he's getting on. These men live with Time in a way we rarely dream of. Time is not their merry wanton, as she is to some of us. She's their wife, for better for worse. There was a truly husbandly grievance in George's eye when, just outside Albany, we had to slow almost to a standstill. Number 7—which left Grand Central 45 minutes earlier—was right ahead of us. There was the accent of King Tamburlaine in 5217's whistle as she shouted a blasphemy in steam. We came to a stop in Albany at 5.42. And as she wasn't due to leave there till 5.49, everything was jake. But I saw Tom, who is young and proud, taking a last look at his watch as he pulled his little black satchel out of the locker. There was about fifty seconds just outside Albany that "they" had put over on us.

We all, I hope and believe, have some little private feathers for our cap. I have mine: George Tully said I could ride with him again any time I want to. Well, George, I'm going to take you up on that.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Wells Without End

By E. PRESTON DARGAN, University of Chicago

IT is not likely that literature will be permanently benefitted by the first of Wells's recent deliverances. "Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island" seems an ill-stirred mixture of Conrad, Crusoe, and "Candide"—to whose memory it is dedicated. The book is an allegory of War and the Age of Confusion. Mr. Blettsworthy has been brought up by his uncle, a sort of Victorian Pangloss, to take a roseate view of things. He is essentially a civilized product; but his Candidism is subjected to a series of violent shocks: betrayal in a love-affair; a long, brutal sea-voyage (unique in Wells), and his nightmare residence on Rampole Island. The realism of the last is convincing, until we learn that it is a prolonged dream only; the effect of Blettsworthy's awakening from his vision and his illness is discomposing, especially since we can scarcely credit how the heroine happened or how the doctor evolved from a Rampole Islander.

The book is really the history of Blettsworthy's mental case; and he is not fully restored until he has been through the jangle of the Great War. Of this insult to civilization Rampole Island is an allegorical prophecy, an "interpretative reverie." Here Wells varies his usual manner of attack. As a rule it is a visitor from outside who comes to this earth and finds conditions unsatisfactory. But in this case the educated Earthling visits a savage and superstitious locality, takes the romance out of primitivism, while leaving the dirt and the limited vision. Among the symbols in this lost world are a terrific gorge, a Great Sloth (like Ibsen's Great Boyg), and especially Ardam, the spirit of war, an Apollyon who must be chained up. Savagery for Wells is not the simple life at all; it is complex, full of taboos, hypocritical to a degree; it is given to "vapid conventionalism," whether about love, religion, or statecraft. It is what we might be. And the whole moral of the thing—the new Candide's final message—is that we must carry on beyond nightmares, beyond war and general defeat, into the brighter perspectives revealed in his next book.

"The Open Conspiracy" is much more important. It contains an outline of Wells's present socio-political philosophy, a complement to "First and Last Things" of twenty years ago. He says that the new book expresses "my directive aims and the criteria of all I do." It voices his gospel of "salvation," his commandments toward world-betterment and world-unity. The title indicates a concerted drift toward that goal among intelligent people.

The theme is developed somewhat sketchily in eighteen short chapters. Many of the topics are by now familiar to Wellsians. Such are: "Need for Restatement of Religion"; "The World Commonweal"; "Resistances and Antagonistic Forces." The religion of humanity must be practical, energizing, organizing; believers should set their faces against personal immortality, seeking only to join the choir invisible. The Invisible King, the more or less personal God whom Wells seemed to glimpse ten years ago, no longer haunts his pages. Yet, as heretofore, fragments of the orthodox vocabulary and its larger creed survive: the conviction of sin and waste, the need of "salvation," the fulfilment of self by service.

Our history is a "stormy ascent" towards enlightenment and ease, not through the palliatives of charity, but through the gradual elimination of hunger, injustice, and particularly war. For the last, it is evident that a world-control working against militarism and population pressures is demanded. The best energies of mankind—and this is Wells's peculiar blind spot—can then turn to "the happy activities of scientific research and creative work." To set up the world commonweal, evolution rather than revolution will function. Wells abandoned long ago the Marxian conception of an inevitable class-war; under various names he has always favored the intellectual élite; and since "The World of William Clissold" at least, he has looked to the capitalistic class to furnish propagandists. So here the Open Conspiracy will use "many industrial and financial leaders and directors." It is they who have the knowledge and means to further the world state—of which the League of Nations is only a faint adumbration.

The economic life must, of course, be regulated in the common interest; with that proviso, "free play" (he has always maintained) must be allowed the individual, for whose benefit, indeed, the new order is chiefly to be brought forth. "Competitive pressure," he thinks, can be diminished through man's many resources. Directed breeding and birth-control are suggested, to avoid the low-brow slant of straight Socialism. The future processes of labor and of Utopian industrial organization are only vaguely suggested anywhere in Wells. But he insists that economists should occupy themselves with such issues and should cease to talk merely of money. Central bureaus, international institutes, should be founded, to deal with problems of production, transport, and distribution. Communization, or control in the public interest, would then be applied only to "the getting, preparation, and distribution of staple products and in transport;" he adds "a socialized world banking organization," which would forbid speculation.

Otherwise, the individual is free to range. Wells is quite aware of our ungodly restlessness, our revolt against a stabilized order, our need for adventure and self-assertion. Therefore he presents the world-state as the greatest adventure of all, a thing ever-growing and dynamic, offering the happiest possibilities to keen minds and loyal hearts.

He is also well aware of the forces for and against. Within us are sluggardness and egotism rampant. Without are . . . "dogs and murderers?" Not quite, but the military and official classes, the profiteers, the flag-wavers. Less blameworthy, but equally recalcitrant, are the backward drags in education, in the church, in the labor-capital conflict, and in the press. It is part of the "heterogeneous" nature of the Open Conspiracy to win over by group organizations and infiltrations as many as possible of these social forces. The whole movement is, in fact, educational to the highest degree. So may the Conspiracy, as the "natural inheritor" of Socialism and Communism, come slowly into its own. Fertile suggestions, as to gradually working from the family group outward, are given. Wells candidly sees his own works (two more of which are projected) as the Bible of the movement; he speaks of groups as discussing and spreading this faith. As to whether undue megalomania is involved in such an attitude, who can say? Only time can justify or reject so fair a dream as this very influential prophet has visioned. His final appeal is that "we" who have been through so much; "we" who have known the agony of the Great War, heard the hammerings of many isms, seen the fading lights of many delusive fires, we now have the ultimate decision as to the raising of human hopes for a liberated collective life on this planet.

There is this paradox in the case of Wells. He wishes the world ultimately to be run by the "technicians," the specialists in affairs, the Samurai who have seen the light. Yet his world-vision cannot, I think, be judged by any specialist. His "Outline of History" passes the scope of the historian. His world state, practicable or not, transcends the field of Woodrow Wilson and of Aristide Briand. Not even the statesman, not even the economist, certainly not the literary critic, can judge of the degree of illumination in Wells's total vision. Each of us is too much immersed in his own job, in the present rather than the future. Posterity will judge. But sometimes the judgment of posterity is anticipated by that of a foreign nation within the author's lifetime. On that basis, it may be helpful to note how Wells has been appraised latterly by French men of ideas; and to see, first, how his own ideas are often in accord with the modern French tradition.

The driving force in Wells is his faith in the future. Now the belief in progress was given to the world by eighteenth-century France. So the indirect ancestors of Wells—for he knows none of them but Voltaire—are the philosophers of that period. He himself is a *philosophe sans le sævoir*. The religious agnosticism, the scientific and social positivism manifest in Wells were first widely promulgated by Bayle and Fontenelle, Voltaire and Diderot. He has their reverence for open-minded and open-handed science as the basis of the fuller life. He believes, as Fontenelle did, in the solidarity of the sciences and in the coöperation of all truth-seekers.

The very technique of the demonstration is often the same. When Voltaire wishes to show up the Earth as a whole, he has inhabitants of other worlds come down to us; compare "The Wonderful Visit" and the descent of the Martians in "The Food of the Gods." The device of the imaginary voyage, to Saturn or to the moon, is used alike by the old *philosophes* and by the new one. Is it not probable that Wells owes to this projection of the scientific imagination his persistent habit of viewing this world as a whole? In a smaller way, the "Sea-Lady" criticizes her mundane hosts much as Montesquieu's Persians criticize Paris. Again, the eighteenth century, like Wells, was more cosmopolitan than narrowly national; and its favorite theme was the promoting or the salvaging of civilization. Here Wells repeats the theme, though with variations necessitated by later events. He, too, insists upon "enlightenment" and has a distrust of "systems" and of absolutes—all characteristic of Voltaire. Although partially "sceptical of the instrument," Wells believes on the whole in deriving knowledge through the senses, as did all the *philosophes*, following the lead of Locke. Like the Encyclopedists, Wells is universal, inductive, experimental; and like them he has formed again that dubious concept of the continuous "mind of the race."

Space is lacking to trace particular analogies with Voltaire, whom our modern most resembles as polemist, sceptic, and reformer. But the above-mentioned dedication to "Candide" is justified by such common traits as their practical and eclectic Deism, their practical arguments for free-will, their use of the *reductio ad absurdum* method. Also their conception of historiography is very similar. "Wells et Diderot" has been made the subject of an article by A. Dandieu in a recent *Mercure*. This critic finds the two thinkers akin in their optimistic, passionate, rather "weathercock" dispositions, as also in their delight in adventure whether mental or experimental. The ideas of each derive from a biological foundation and go, self-taught in the main, through the processes of industrialism and politics as a stage towards labor for the general well-being of the world. One might add that the journalistic enthusiasm and "Peter-pantheism" of Wells finds its counterpart in Diderot. And could not the former's conception of a governing intelligentsia have been filtered through Comte from the *parti des philosophes?*

This article on Wells and Diderot is only one symptom of the increasing vogue of the former writer in France. In spite of his severe indictments of French self-seeking in the negotiations following the Armistice, in spite of his objections to the trivialities of life on the Riviera, where he has lately settled, his fame is soaring among French writers. During the last decade particularly, his important works have been rapidly translated. As early as 1912 articles and chapters in critical works were devoted to the views of Wells as related to those of his contemporaries. In 1920, Edouard Guyot devoted a volume of three hundred pages ("H. G. Wells," Payot, Paris) to an intimate study of the master's message. The book is perhaps too "unilinear" in its treatment; that is, it considers Wells as virtually static in his thought, which he emphatically is not. But his essential ideas are well conveyed along the lines of his "intellectual orientation," his concern with the future, his aggressive criticism of English life, his Socialism—and "Wells et la Femme." Madame Cazamian, in her thesis on "Le Roman et les Idées en Angleterre" (1923), stresses Wells's technical knowledge of diverse branches of science and shows how tales of terror, scientifically based, are embedded in the stronger current of his courageous optimism.

His lectures at the Sorbonne were on the whole well-received, although some stringent criticisms were made on his journalistic facility. It is as if France were again assuming her old rôle of interpreting a foreign prophet to the world at large. Perhaps this may compensate Wells for the ground he seems to be losing among the younger generation in Anglo-Saxondom. . . . The fullest and most masterly French treatment is that by G. Connes ("Étude sur la Pensée de Wells." Paris: Hachette, 1926). This may be briefly analyzed as a "dynamic" study which considers Wells as progressively a man of science, a student of reality, and a minor prophet or "apostle." The first phase was marked by the influence of Huxley and by the "exuberance" of the early tales of Space and Time. The second phase began with the new century and manifested itself by the effort to apply laboratory methods in the somewhat alien fields of politics and sociology. From the summer of 1916 dates the "crise mystique" (of Mr. Britling), after which we hear much of God and the Undying Fire. Chapters on Wells as fatalist, as humorist, educator, and Utopian, are informative and stimulating. M. Guyot does not esteem Wells a great originative thinker, but rather a remarkable popularizer and the "greatest representative of humanitarianism in our time." The destiny of his message is left in doubt.

To sum up, for Wells the only hope, faith, and comprehensive charity is to be found in Progress. Like the eighteenth century, he is constantly recurring to this conception and he tends to confuse its varieties. On the one hand, he stresses too largely the influence of the enlightened few. On the other, he does not thoroughly differentiate between material and ethical progress. Now such men as Will Durant and Dean Inge carefully differentiate, the former admitting progress as "control of environment," the latter seeing little improvement in the inner nature of man. But Wells as an evolutionist believes that mankind, too, is "in the making" and is disposed to accept the machine age with its "proliferate" consumptionism. For the period when Utopia will come to pass, his prophecies run all the way from the twenty-second century to the year 800,000, including the fourth dimension *en passant*. But so many of his minor prophecies have been realized that one would not be surprised to find him ultimately right—at least in the prediction of a progressive world state, necessitated and fortified by the involution of our affairs. As to whether Good Will is proportionately increasing, that is quite another matter.

* MR. BLETTSWORTHY ON RAMPOLF ISLAND. By H. G. WELLS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2.50 net.

THE OPEN CONSPIRACY. By H. G. WELLS New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2 net.

The American Squadron

ONE MAN'S WAR. The Story of the Lafayette Escadrille. By Lieutenants BERT HALL and JOHN J. NILES. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1929. $4.

BERT HALL of Kentucky is a soldier of fortune. War is not so much his trade as it is his recreation. As it happened he was one of the few neutral aviators living at the outbreak of the World War and, as he was a resident of Paris, he tumbled naturally enough into the Foreign Legion. Before that he had flown in the Balkan Wars, first for the Turks against the Bulgars, and then, because the Turks didn't pay him enough, for the Bulgars against the Turks. He served in the trenches and didn't like them. Beyond a description of how a group of legionnaires murdered one of their own officers on a night patrol there is little to note in his description of the front.

Subsequently, he, Bill Thaw, and Jimmy Bach—of the original American volunteer group in the Foreign Legion—applied for the aviation service and formed the nucleus of what later became the Lafayette Escadrille. To-day there are only two of the group left, so Hall felt obliged to tell its story as well as he could. The result is much more "One Man's War" than it is a history of the American Squadron, for Hall left France in 1917 and went to Russia on a special mission, which took him more than a year and of which he tells some amusing and incredible tales.

Here you have the soldier. He seems to have enjoyed the war. He seems to have enjoyed women and to have been successful in obtaining their favors. He is shrewdly professional in his comments. The English air force are a fine outfit, but "they are losing too many men." The Americans know nothing about war or aviation and it is amusing to note the incredulous pride which creeps into his narrative when he has to revise this strictly professional point of view. Over it all hangs the atmosphere of *carpe diem*, which was so hard to explain to the "folks" in Grand Rapids, and through it all beat the dark wings of the azure death. "One Man's War" is not a book for sentimentalists or fire-eaters, but deserves the attention of the great body of those who are neither.

A story as grim in its realism as it is pathetic in its incidents has recently been written by Günther Birkenfeld in his "Dritter Hof Links" (Berlin: Cassirer). It is a study of people of the slums, and a most effective sociological document.

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An Italian Letter

By Rose Lee

IT is no longer the fashion to leave bouquets upon the graves of Shelley and Keats. The stream of young ladies and their mammas who used to meet and mingle their tears in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome has given way to a more indifferent tourist generation. When upon the chance suggestion of an official guide, I happened to visit the graves of these two romantic poets, I found them quite solitary and unadorned. The rusty sign suggesting that persons wishing to leave flowers on the tombs of Shelley, Keats, and Severn secure vases from the caretaker seemed pathetically superfluous.

From behind the cemetery came the noise of hammers on the new Rome-to-Ostium station that Mussolini is building; the noise of pickaxes excavating around the pyramid of Cestius, where modern Romans are engaged in searching for the remnants of their ancestors. For a time this Spring, it was rumored that in the interest of these excavations the grave of Keats was to be displaced. The rumor brought protests from press-correspondents and English-speaking residents of Rome; and the Commission on City Planning hastened to reassure the British Embassy that no assault was being planned upon the grave of a British poet.

In spite of dictatorship and the post-war cost of living Italy is as much a refuge as ever for English-speaking men of letters. Just as in the nineteenth century, they come in quest of health, economy, and beauty, and they remain for years or for a lifetime. Their pursuit of what Max Beerbohm calls "art with a capital H" is perhaps less earnest than it was fifty years ago, when the treasures of the Italian Renaissance were inspiring Pater, Arnold, and Ruskin to their most enthusiastic pages. Of course there is Sacheverell Sitwell who is intrigued by Italian Baroque. Bernhard Berenson still lives near Florence, continuing to ponder on antique beauty and developing with always ater profundity that philosophy of est' hich is already as far out of reach rage mind as the logic of the ry. George Santayana grown old takes his daily constitutionals in the mellow light of Roman afternoons.

On the other hand, there is Aldous Huxley racing through the countryside in a high-powered car, from Florence to Rome and back again on the inspiration of the moment—always on the jump, always going somewhere, and managing at the same time to accomplish a phenomenal amount of hard work. Having completed "Point Counter Point," which he feels to be his greatest bid for posthumous fame, Huxley is exploring still further the intimate vagaries of England's post-war youth. He hopes in another book to show up the young men who come down from Oxford, and what he calls their "demi-vierge psychology." I saw him for a moment in Florence—a tall, thin, serious-looking young man, with spectacles and a dark mustache. He had motored up from his place by the seaside, his wife driving because his own eyesight is too poor. He was talking with Norman Douglas in the doorway of Orioli's, a little antiquarian bookshop where every writer in Florence and the vicinity can sooner or later be found.

It was Douglas I had been looking for, and of course had gone to search for him at Orioli's. Douglas likes to keep his whereabouts a secret, and the only address he gives to the world is the mysteriously commonplace one, "Thomas Cook, Florence." Once discovered, however, he was extremely amiable. He took me to luncheon at his favorite restaurant, Betti's, and offered me snuff scented with attar of roses out of his own silver snuff-box, and discoursed with the most engaging charm and malice about himself and his colleagues. He hoped I was not doing anything so foolish as spending my time in Florence at churches and museums. This is not because Douglas despises the arts, but because he dislikes crowds and their literal-mindedness. He is himself immensely erudite, in at least a dozen fields, but he takes his erudition with a grain of salt and regards the seasoning as the most important factor in the dish. His "Birds and Beasts of the Greek Anthology," which is appearing this summer in its first American trade edition, is an instance of that happy union of lightness and learning.

Last year he spent about six months in Eastern travel, and at present is recording his ideas about India in a volume which is to be called "Footnotes on East and West." It is a series of reactions to "Mother India"—"not an answer," he said. "You can't answer the woman—she did her job too thoroughly for that. But I am pointing out that Europe is not always such a pleasant place, either." This book will not be finished until October or so, for, like every first-rate stylist, Douglas works slowly.

D. H. Lawrence is a neighbor of Douglas's in Florence, as he was for a time in Capri, and the two men maintain a friendship that is strangely compounded of irritation and admiration. Their temperaments are almost exactly opposite—Douglas being a classicist, with emphasis on the civilized aspects of life, and Lawrence a romanticist, with emphasis on intuition and natural, untrammelled instincts. Where Douglas is probably the most polished essayist of our day, Lawrence is essentially a poet, and many critics believe that his lasting reputation will be founded on his lyrics rather than his novels. His "Collected Poems" are appearing this summer in England and America, and I believe they can stand beside Hardy's poems as the most sensitive and passionate lyrics that the twentieth century has produced.

Capri is almost entirely given over to the tourists these days, and its once famous literary colony is gone. Francis Brett Young is almost the only English writer who still has his home on the Siren Island; and he, after finishing a novel called "Black Roses" which treats of the plague in Naples in 1886, has just returned to England to furnish a new house in the Lake district. Echoes of old scandals and old glories still hover over Capri, from the days when Norman Douglas, D. H. Lawrence, Compton Mackenzie inhabited it; when Maxim Gorki was host and dispenser to hundreds of visiting Russians.

The villas of Gorki, for instance, have become almost as numerous on Capri as those of the Emperor Tiberius, and certainly more mythical. Whole flocks of houses perched like white birds on airy hillsides were pointed out to me as the original Gorki villa, though he never lived in more than one of them—and that over fifteen years ago. There he retired in 1906 after his unfortunate reception in America, and there in 1912 he wrote "My Childhood," the first of his books to be written without any reformist intention and the beginning of a new era in his art.

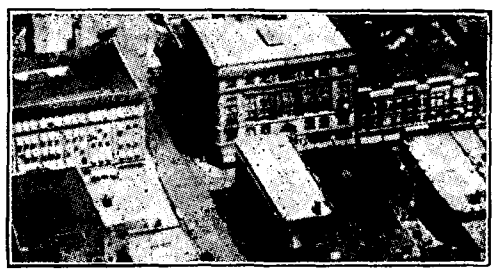
Since 1924 he has established his permanent residence at Capo di Sorrento, across the water. Among sweet sights and sweeter scents he continued to evoke pictures from his Russian past which have a tragic simplicity and grandeur. Contrary to what one might expect from reading his books, Gorki is not at all a tragic person, and his household is full of gaiety and good-humor. In the winter he spends every morning and every evening at his desk, but in the summer, when visitors come, he likes to organize rustic parties by moonlight

I asked Gorki if there were any conflagrations in his newest work, a great three-volume novel which undertakes to picture the life of the Russian intelligentsia in the forty years preceding the Revolution. He said he did not think any fires had occurred in the book so far; but if I wanted it, he might put a fire into the third volume which is not yet completed. Two volumes of this novel have already appeared in Russia, where they have been hailed as the greatest book to come out of Russia since the War. The critic of *Jisn Ikustra*, writing in the issue of February 10th, 1929, called it "a synthesis of all Maxim Gorki's creative understanding; the culminating point of his methods, observations, experiences." This is high praise when one recollects that Maxim Gorki has been one of the few authentically great writers of our generation.

American readers will presently have a chance to judge for themselves, since the first volume of Gorki's great trilogy is appearing here in the Fall, translated by Bernard Guerney and entitled "The End and The Beginning." If all the accounts are correct, this book should go far to remedy the indifference with which the American public has treated Gorki in recent years and to re-establish him in this country on the plane which his genius deserves.

Among recent novels, "Le Manteau de Porphyre," by Alberic Cahuet, is a part fantasy, part realistic picture of the curious Boulangist fever, woven around an old soldier who imagines that the tomb in the Invalides does not really contain the bones of Napoleon.

Do you know your



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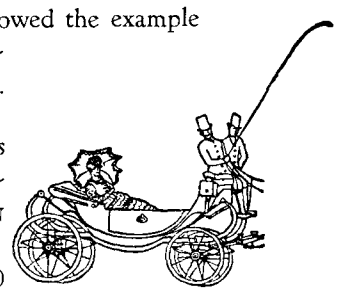

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Points of View

Literary Volsteadism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

A gentleman of Pittsburgh University complained in your issue of April 20th of the "moral arrogance" behind a Government policy which prohibited the importation for his university's library of the works of John Wilmot, the Earl of Rochester. He invites an inquiry into this "literary volsteadism."

The gentleman probably has not read Ernst's and Slagle's "To the Pure," quite an exhaustive treatise of literary censorship in the United States.

Section 305 of the Tariff Act of 1922 makes it unlawful to import any obscene book, pamphlet, picture. Another section provides a penalty. Worse, the entire package which contains one "obscene" book may be seized. For instance, "Droll Stories" happens to be on the Customs list of prohibited books. If Balzac's complete works, including the "Droll Stories," is attempted to be imported, the whole consignment may be confiscated under the law. So with the works of Pierre Louys, George Moore, Ovid, Aristophanes. On the forbidden list are the "Decameron," works of Rabelais, "Lysistrata," Dr. Burton's "Arabian Nights," George Moore's "Daphnis and Chloe."

The genesis of this law is described in "To the Pure." New York vice agents travelled to Washington with their bags bulging with obscene photographs and drawings seized in the course of their activities among the lewd, and with this exhibit they succeeded in persuading the moral legislators in Congress to pass a blanket law against anything in print that might be construed obscene.

The law does not define obscenity, or set its limits or grade, as applied to books, nor does it establish a standard or criterion, except the judgment of the official who may be designated to examine the books at the port of entry. Even his qualification is trustfully left to his superior. In the recent trial before a sitting of the United States Customs Court at Baltimore on the obscenity of George Moore's translation of "Daphnis and Chloe," the Customs inspector who had seized the book did not know whether Chaucer was dead or still living and defined obscenity as "vile language."

Because of the recent date of the Tariff Act of 1922, there is but one recorded judicial decision on the question of obscenity under Section 305, and that in the Casanova case. The United States Customs Court held that Machen's translation of the Memoirs of Casanova is obscene.

Before the same Court is pending the question whether the works of Pierre Louys are obscene. Three volumes, not illustrated, mailed to the present writer, were held by the local Customs Collector and the Washington Customs Bureau to be subject to seizure. He appealed to the Customs Court on the ground that the law is invalid for indefiniteness and is confiscatory without due process of law.

To the layman innocent of legal sophistries the knowledge that the same books, the importation of which is prohibited, may be obtained from American publishers through almost any bookseller or even a department store inspires a profound disgust for a law so obviously inconsistent. The sinister inference is plain. Whatever may have been the original intent of the law, its effect is to give a complete protection to the American industry in certain books against foreign competition, thereby cleaving these books into a distinct disreputable class subversive of their real intent and merit.

This phenomenon may be taken as another little proof of the inevitable curtailment of individual liberty by a democracy. Adults are not considered in an attempt to make literature safe for the child mind.

ADAM S. GREGORIUS.

Baltimore, Md.

SKIP *a* PARAGRAPH *and* MISS *an* EXPERIENCE"

PERHAPS *Wolf Solent* has been praised too much. A few critics and undoubtedly some readers have approached this novel with misgivings because its author, JOHN COWPER POWYS, has been so generally compared with the immortals.

Edward Garnett, noted British man of letters, and perhaps the first discoverer of JOSEPH CONRAD, says that Powys is an English DOSTOIEVSKI and ranks *Wolf Solent* with the best of *Thomas Hardy*. Theodore Dreiser calls the book an enduring treasure, like *Wuthering Heights*. Will Durant declares that he has not read any book so well written since ANATOLE FRANCE and THOMAS HARDY Seeking standards of comparison, scores of reviewers have fallen back on POE, TOLSTOY, WORDSWORTH, SHAKESPEARE, and SOPHOCLES! So lavish, so superlative have been the tributes that *The Inner Sanctum* has not dared to quote them all, for fear of courting incredulity and skepticism.

Acclaim may defeat its own purpose if it frightens readers by its forbidding and titanic allusions. By contrast, a simple direct expression from a typical reader will perhaps carry more conviction. For this reason, in the midst of a chorus of praise such as rarely greeted a modern novel, a modest seven-word tribute to *Wolf Solent* from a lay critic gave *The Inner Sanctum* perhaps the most gratifying assurance of all. It came in a letter from England and stated simply: "*Skip a paragraph and miss an experience.*"

Wolf Solent has had other obstacles besides the raptures of its admirers It is a two volume book. It sells for five dollars. It is a work of 966 pages The title is not alluring. But all these difficulties *Wolf Solent* has overcome in glorious fashion Misgivings have become surprises, skepticism has turned to exclamations of delight. Readers have come to wonder and remained to praise.

Wolf Solent is already a best-seller of the first magnitude. Three large printings have been required in four weeks and *the book is selling better every week*, giving evidence of joining that rare aristocracy of best-sellers which is marked for the years. To sense the reason for this extraordinary phenomenon, the reader need only go to his bookseller and turn to the first paragraph of the first page of the first volume. . . . The rest is literature. . . . *Skip a paragraph and miss an experience.*

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
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Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

Summer-Time

THE unprecedented flood of children's books through the season of 1928-29 is a thing of the past, and now, along with our mighty neighbors, the publishers, the booksellers, and the authors, we can draw a long breath. However, the growing sentiment for more leisurely all-year-round publishing is already sending a fresh rivulet of juveniles into the market, in most cases really good books which even last year would have been reserved until the fall. Therefore we cannot shut up shop altogether as we did last summer. We have decided upon compromise measures: we shall cut ourselves, not too painfully, in half, running two columns instead of our usual four, until September and the new flood.

Along with necessary reviewing we see the chance to do something for which we could not find space during the past months. Lists galore are always being published, but too often without application to the more human and broadening fields of interest. Why stick to ages and sizes and seasonal events when the youthful intellect could be gently and delightfully led outward? We were full of eagerness to publish, for instance, lists of collateral reading by countries, or periods, or both. We went for advice to Miss Bertha E. Mahony, of "The Bookshop for Boys and Girls" in Boston, to find that she had in preparation in list-form just the wisely selected, individually chosen material we had dimly envisioned! Now "Realms of Gold," by Miss Mahony and Miss Elinor Whitney, author of "Tod of the Fens," is out. And we have permission from authors and publishers (Doubleday, Doran & Company) to present lists from its fascinating pages.

The lists of collateral historical reading which we have selected from "Realms of Gold" for our Summer "Bookshop" will stand in convenient isolation for travellers, returned travellers, and anyone who wishes education not machine-made for children. We have chosen for our first instalment an introductory list of "world histories and related books." Then, regretfully passing over "prehistory" and "the ancient world" (for not so many people visit caves or go to Greece) we shall come squarely upon "the Middle Ages," dividing the pages of the book on this period into four sections to fit our remaining summer numbers. This method of presentation is not fair to the interrelations of the lists, but this we cannot help. . . . We count it a privilege to be able to lead our readers down these "Roads to the Past" into the many other broad fields of interest to be found in "Realms of Gold." We shall begin to publish the lists in the next Bookshop. Today we present a review of the book from which they are taken.

Reviews

REALMS OF GOLD IN CHILDRENS' BOOKS. By BERTHA E. MAHONY and ELINOR WHITNEY. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $5 net.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

THIS is a Baedeker to the country of childrens' books. Like the good Baedeker it gives us a sense of competence and completeness in survey; it gives us, too, that sense of richness and variety that is a prompting to travel. It abounds in items of interest. Thus, when the "Selborne" of Gilbert White is mentioned, we have this quotation. "So modest was he, indeed, and so careless of fame that no portrait now exists of him, and only a few particulars can with difficulty be gleaned about a man whose letters have probably been reprinted in a greater number of editions than those of any other English worthy." We have the Brothers Grimm's comment on their researches: it shows how much of the German national spirit was behind a collection that brings back our childhood to so many of us. "We strove to penetrate into the wild forests of our ancestors, listening to their noble language, watching their pure customs, recognizing their ancient freedom and hearty faith." And I am glad to have this item of interest with regard to Paul Du Chaillu, the first of the explorer-storytellers; besides being the first European to look upon a gorilla and study such creatures' habits, I learn that he "stuffed more than two thousand species of birds."

Not all the books listed in "Realms of Gold in Childrens' Books" belong to what would be conventionally regarded as childrens' reading. I find amongst the titles given in these 727 pages "Peruvian Fabrics" and "Peruvian Textiles," published by the American Museum of Natural History. It is a mark of wisdom on the part of Bertha Mahony and Elinor Whitney to recognize that the fabrics of the Incas have a place in the realms of gold in childrens' books—a presentation of such work would probably do more to stir the imagination of children of a certain type than many books of ordinary stories. And, after all, the telling of a story is just for the stirring of the imagination. "Unhappily," declares Anatole France in sentences very aptly quoted in this book:

> Unhappily there are a great many elements abroad who look upon the imagination with mistrust. They are wrong! For she it is who sows the seeds of Beauty and Virtue up and down the world. She alone leads to greatness. Never, O ye mothers, never fear that she will injure your children. Rather will she hold them safe from vulgar faults and facile errors.

"Realms of Gold in Childrens' Books" is full, but it is by no means indiscriminate. It is excellent in its selection of material and editorship. An entertaining book to go through, it gives just the sort of information that is looked for by those who are giving children some training in literature—information, for instance, about the Homeric epics, about Charlemagne, about King Arthur, about the Indian epics and the Irish legendary material, and the folk and heroic traditions of various peoples. And there are lots and lots of pictures through the pages: indeed, I know of no fine illustrator of childrens' books who has not specimens of his or her pictures reproduced in "Realms of Gold in Childrens' Books."

A LITTLE BOOK OF NECESSARY NONSENSE. Compiled by BURGES JOHNSON. Illustrated by ELIZABETH MACKINSTRY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $1.

Reviewed by KATHARINE WARD SEITZ

THIS is an admirable collection of the nonsense verse which children should know and enjoy along with serious poetry. It opens with Thisbe's speech from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," ranges through Gilbert and Edward Lear, and concludes with Gelett Burgess. Elizabeth MacKinstry's illustrations are particularly suited to the text. They have all the qualities of a good limerick, being inconsequential yet apt, fantastic and yet filled with a curious reasonableness. Her "Father William" is certainly standing on his head, but with what balance, with what an air of permanence and satisfaction! The whole volume is an application of the text that a first-rate book need not be solemn, nor an entertaining one second-rate. It should be particularly successful with children from eleven years old onward who need some urging towards the reading of poetry.

Good But Forgotten

We have advanced beyond the day when girls' books were distinguishable from boys' books. Our enthusiasm for this advance is apt to go hand in hand with a wholesale repudiation of the books of yesterday. A search among them, however, reveals some books that, though written just for little girls, are not insipid. "The Live Dolls," by Josephine Scribner Gates (Bobbs-Merrill), which is an account of how on a certain June morning all of the dolls in the village of Cloverdale came alive, with many pictures made at the time by Virginia Keep, sparkles with imagination; the dolls who come alive are little character sketches of human children; and a bit of philosophy is expressed by the episode which must end in the return of the dolls to their original status. The illustrations are the more charming for being old-fashioned and for depicting dolls with long hair.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

ETHER AND ME, OR "JUST RELAX." By WILL ROGERS. Putnams. 1929. $1.

This amusing little trifle is the high-spirited Mr. Rogers's record of an operation for gall stones performed upon him in Los Angeles, an operation much like other operations, but which under its chronicler's skilful handling takes on a humorous character. Those who themselves have undergone operations or passed through the ordeal of seeing others off to the operating table and through the preliminary examinations that lead to it will smile with reminiscent indulgence at the qualms and misgivings that assailed him.

THE PRIVACITY AGENT. By *Bernard K. Sandwell*. Dutton. $3.

CHRYSALID. Grand Rapids: Mount Mercy Academy.

PAPERS ON SHELLEY AND WORDSWORTH AND OTHERS. By *J. A. Chapman*. Oxford University Press. $2.25.

Biography

NOLLEKENS AND HIS TIMES. By *John Thomas Smith*. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

REMINISCENCES OF OUTDOOR LIFE. By *William Kent*. San Francisco: Robertson. $3.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF A TAMED CYNIC. By *Reinhold Niebuhr*. Willett, Clark & Colby. $2.

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE. By the *ex-Duchesse de Clermont Tonnerre*. Cape-Smith.

MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN CARLETON. Dutton. $5.

MEMOIRS OF AN OLD PARLIAMENTARIAN. By *T. P. O'Connor*. Appleton. 2 vols. $10.

THE DIARY OF A RUM RUNNER. By *Alastair Moray*. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

THE DIARY OF JÖRG VON EHINGEN. Translated and edited by *Malcolm Letts*. Oxford University Press. $6.

THE STORMY LIFE OF MIRABEAU. By *Henry de Jouvenel*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

STEPHEN HALES. By *A. E. Clark-Kennedy*. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

Fiction

DANCING BEGGARS. By ERIC BRETT YOUNG. Lippincott. 1929. $2.

In Polblaze, on the Cornish coast, Dominic Bently, a millionaire by inference, was murdered. The "how" and the "why" (a matter of some 300 pages),—you can discover for yourself.

Categorically speaking, then, "Dancing Beggars" is just another detective story. But it is something more than that. The conventional tools, terror and fear, are not used by Mr. Young to freeze your blood. He will freeze it, it is true, but not with the witchcraft of incubus or ghoul.

His machinery is more strictly germane to the novel of character than it is to the detective story. By using plausible instead of specious reality Mr. Young gives a more forceful punch to his story than he could have delivered had he followed the rusty, unnatural methods of his less ingenious confrères.

As a result, "Dancing Beggars" can be enjoyed aside from its detective groundplan. Mrs. Lupin, the novelist; Molly, the suspect; John Gosling, the kindly curate of Polblaze; his friend Janes, the amateur sleuth; obviously, all of them were created to tighten the inevitable inquisition that follows a murder. But thanks to the author's neat portraiture and gracious prose, they exist as personable entities apart from the designs they subserve.

"Dancing Beggars" is considerably more than a good detective story . . . it is a good novel.

THE JEFFERSON SECRET. By RICHARD BLAKER. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

Mild mystery for those who do not like murder is furnished in the latest novel by Richard Blaker. It is doubtful if the real mystery addict will care much for this crimeless account of a lost formula, but there are many readers who enjoy being a bit puzzled by their fiction yet have little taste for the gory propensities of current thrillers. "The Jefferson Secret" will be just to their liking. Mr. Blaker definitely rejects the tried and true recipe for a mystery—"Take one or more murders and a detective," et cetera, and is content to do his juggling with the formula for Jefferson steel which is worth any number of times its weight in radium. Counterfeits of the formula are constantly being unearthed in telltale blue envelopes but the author succeeds in keeping dark the whereabouts of the authentic document until some villainy and more matchmaking has been accomplished and all is ready for the dénouement.

THE MASQUERADERS. By GEORGETTE HEYER. Longmans, Green. 1929. $2.

Here is a gay romance of days of old when the two Merriots, brother and sister, finding themselves implicated in the Stuart Rebellion and in some danger as to their necks, took most willingly to masquerade. Robin Merriot addressed himself to ladies' clothes and managed his hoopskirt and high heels almost as well as, when not in masquerade, he managed his horse and sword. The sister, Prudence, donned cavaliers' costume with much Mechlin lace and had a very jolly time of it indeed what with duels and ruffians and lovers and what not. The father of this versatile pair more than accounts for their cleverness and daring. He had scattered his own masquerades all down the years. Even at the end of the book (as full of lovers interlace and riches raining down as such a story should be) the elder Merriot casts a speculative glance upon the future. The young Merriots may have finished with disguises but one suspects Merriot père of being a chronic masquerader. The tale is told rapidly and wittily with events bombarding events and one encounter invariably leading to another. The characters are gaily bedight and they manage to be clever or dull just as each occasion demands for the furtherance of the good-natured, swashbuckling plot.

Miscellaneous

WHERE PARIS DINES. By JULIAN STREET. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50 net.

Those who from the distance of America smile with superiority upon the earnestness with which their travelling friends search out the restaurants and tea-rooms of Europe once they themselves get abroad are apt to find themselves following the trail of gastronomic excellence with as much eagerness as the friends they deride. For all those who wish to know where to dine in Paris both wisely and well this book by Julian Street should prove an invaluable *vade mecum*. Mr. Street knows his Paris on both banks, he has dined and wined in the fashionable and the unfashionable, the expensive and the inexpensive restaurant alike, he has been at much pains to check up his impressions, and he has gathered together interesting material bearing upon the places he describes. His material is grouped in such fashion as to make it easily available to different needs, is enlivened by anecdote and incident, and is supplemented by a vocabulary and indices arranged alphabetically and according to districts.

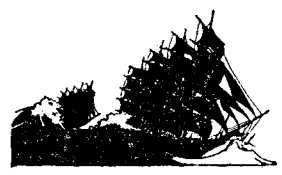
Travel

FLYING WITH LINDBERGH. By DONALD KEYHOE. Putnams. 1928. $2.50.

The millions of words that have been printed about Lindbergh, since he landed at Le Bourget last year have only made him more of an enigma to his worshiping public. As but few have been able to penetrate his cool reserve, he has sometimes been pictured as scarcely human. Donald Keyhoe, assistant to the Chief of Bureau of Aeronautics, Lindbergh's aide on the 20,000 mile American tour in the interests of aviation, had the enviable opportunity to come to know him, during those three months, not as Colonel Lindbergh, air hero, but simply as "Slim," fun-loving ex-mail pilot. Further, Mr. Keyhoe has been able to convey to the reader, in his always interesting narrative, the *real* Lindbergh, so little known to most of us.

To be sure, flying across forty-eight States is not quite the same as flying the Atlantic, still it was not lacking in thrills. The greatest good to come from this tour is doubtless the fact that Lindbergh, to prove that air travel is dependable, arrived everywhere on schedule time—with but one exception. And the tour, as Mr. Keyhoe says, was as much a test of Lindbergh as the New York-Paris hop. His chief concern was always for the safety of the throngs at airports; he never landed until he had assured himself the people would be far enough from his propellor. This book explains the occasional reports during the tour that Lindbergh was lost; he left one place earlier than scheduled to have time for a little lone exploring and still arrived at the next city at the expected hour. In this way the Spirit of St. Louis covered 22,000 miles as against the 20,000 of the accompanying party.

ON THE HIGH SEAS. By *E. Keble Chatterton*. Lippincott. $5.



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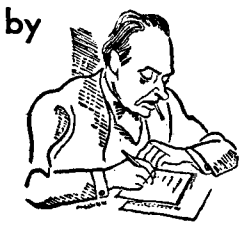

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Book Collecting

PENNY WISE AND BOOK FOOLISH. By VINCENT STARRETT. New York: Covici-Friede. 1929. $3.

BOOK-COLLECTING, it seems, is rapidly reaching that state of public recognition which demands guides of various kinds; it may not yet have been compressed into "simplified" condition, but there are indications of the appearance, before long, of a pocket compendium with everything reduced to the terms of the "Oxford Concise Dictionary." Mr. Starrett's book, while it does not entirely class as a Muirhead Guide to Collecting, is essentially popular—it makes no pretense to study any problem exhaustively; it plays gently and entertainingly over the surface of bibliography, and by its very amiability and good-temper succeeds rather well in disarming criticism. Writing, obviously, with a certain audience in view, an audience made up either of inexperienced collectors, or of persons to whom all collecting is, in the phrase he quotes with justified disapproval from Miss Carolyn Wells, "the idiot's delight," Mr. Starrett rambles on about finding "Tamerlanes" in the family attic that prove to be "Enoch Ardens" or "Tales of a Wayside Inn," about the A B D of first editions, the rebinding of books, presentation copies, the reading of dealers' catalogues, even bookplates, always in a highly personal manner, and always with an inexhaustible enjoyment. It is all such good fun—occasionally the set-backs may be suggestive of parchesi, but after all, there is still the possibility of finding a letter of Sir Walter Scott's in an old biography, and thus advancing ten spaces, while in any case, the excitement of the game never diminishes. The reader, fascinated by such a manner of presentation, is completely conquered, and probably lays down the book with a new sense of interest in the family library.

There is, of course, no reason why any writer should be wholly solemn all the time—unless his subject seems to demand such treatment, he is at liberty, for the most part, to write as he chooses. Mr. Starrett's lapses at intervals into flippancy can, therefore, be excused even though the wish may exist that he might have been able to sustain more consistently the tone of his entire chapter, "On the Rebinding of Books," the best piece of serious writing in the entire volume. It is amusing to read his comments on the "Horace from Mamma" kind of presentation inscription—they are most delightful, but it is, perhaps unhappily, true that Max Beerbohm has set so high a standard for that type of essay-writing that comparison is inevitable. Mr. Starrett is not deliberately imitative—he is, rather, reminiscent. His book can conscientiously be recommended to all readers who, knowing only the outward appearances of collecting, wish to find out for themselves from some one intensely interested in the subject a small part of the knowledge and experience necessary to the formation of a good collector.

G. M. T.

IN the above book, Mr. Vincent Starrett quotes with great enjoyment a question once put to him by an English bookdealer who inquired if he really purchased books, or if he were merely "a student of catalogues." It is a nice phrase—a student of catalogues—suggesting leisure and peace, or even detachment from the prices that are inevitably waiting to catch the eye at the end of a line. The purchaser of books, it seems to imply, looks only for what he wants, while the student, although he may perhaps buy an occasional volume, actually reads the entire catalogue—descriptions, notes of incunabula, everything—with unfailing appreciation. To him, the interest lies in the books themselves, and in the marks of their own individuality; he may be absorbed in the pursuit of anonymous novels of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, but the more he reads, the more he may discover himself becoming involved in an affair like the "give-give" controversy of Boswell's "Johnson." It makes little difference whether or not he happens to possess a copy of this work; his attention, incessantly called to its bibliographical difficulties, is fixed on the existence of such a problem, and he unconsciously begins to take sides. His education, in other words, is a continuous process: he encounters strange things like Mr. Howard S. Buck's brilliant and little known "Study in Smollett," invariably the reference whenever a copy of the 1751 "Peregrine Pickle" appears; he knows Evans and Sabin intimately, and even raises his eyebrows slightly at any mention of a John Philip Kemble copy of a play. There is for him an endless satisfaction in receiving anything from a bookseller.

* *

Another prostrating catalogue from Maggs has appeared recently, concerned this time with manuscripts and books on Medicine, Alchemy, Astrology, and Natural Sciences, arranged in chronological order, together with portraits and autographs of eminent physicians and scientists—its perusal would occupy several rainy days quite fully. Elkin Mathews (catalogue number 25) is up to the usual standard of interest, with nothing unusually exciting to comment upon—the notes are always excellent, and intelligent. The F. B. Neumayer (70, Charing Cross Road, London) catalogue number 76, devoted entirely to works on Fine and Applied Arts, is especially good: nothing seems to have been omitted, and the various fields are all well covered. The Quaritch catalogue, number 425, is, like the firm itself, impeccably stately and dignified. Of the American dealers, the only one to issue anything of interest is Mr. William Todd (Mount Carmel, Connecticut), who in his list (number 22), "First Editions; English and American Literature," includes several titles rather notable for their absence from ordinary catalogues—his list is so perfectly simple and straightforward that it demands attention.

G. M. T.

Laboratory Press Specimens

MR. PORTER GARNETT sends out from the Laboratory Press at Carnegie Institute of Technology, a further collection of specimens of the work done under his direction. This portfolio contains *projets* numbered from 67 to 90, with some lacunæ—in all nineteen specimens. They follow the general styles and forms previously issued, and as usual they show a very skilful use of traditional type forms of the best kind. Certainly no instruction in printing in America is conducted on a higher plane in design, use of the best type faces, and quality of product, than that at the Laboratory Press. The result on the practice of printing in America must be beneficial in a high degree. R.

Auction Sales Calendar

Charles F. Heartman, Metuchen, N. J. July 6. Rare American Historical Broadsides, pamphlets, books, and autographs. A collection of almanacs dated 1716 to 1731; Edward Rawson and Samuel Sewall's "The Revolution in New England Justified," Boston, 1691; William Stoughton's "Narrative of the Proceedings of Sir Edmond Androsse," Boston, 1691; a group of rare broadsides printed between 1759 and 1782; Nathaniel Byfield's "Account of the Late Revolution in New England," London, 1689; "An Answer of the Company of Royal Adventurers of England Trading into Africa," London, 1667; Thomas Cobbett's "Civil Magistrate's Power in Matters of Religious Modesty," London, 1653; John Cotton's "Copy of a Letter . . . Sent in Answer to Certain Objections," 1641; John Dickinson's "Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania," London, 1774; a letter of Mrs. Eddy's mentioning "Science and Health"; "Grateful Reflections on the Divine Goodness Vouchsaf'd to the American Arms," Hartford, 1779, to which is attached an outburst from the compiler of the catalogue—"If our Collectors of First Editions of American authors had not utterly

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gone crazy in the last year they would have a true understanding of the subject instead of being led like sheep by a few clever manipulators, a volume like the above would outrank in price almost any other volume published by an American author"; a document entirely in the autograph of Alexander Hamilton; Thomas Hooker's "The Soule's Preparation for Christ," London, 1638; several Indian captivities; William Livingston's "Review of Military Operations in North America," New York, 1770; "The American Primer Improved," Medford, 1799; Josiah Priest's "A True Story of the Extraordinary Feats of Matthew Calkins," Lansingburgh, 1841; Stoughton's "New-England's True Interest," Cambridge, 1670; "The Proceedings of the Council of Censors of the State of Vermont," Windsor, 1786; Samuel Willard's "The Duty of a People that Have Renewed Their Covenant with God," Boston, 1680.

G. M. T.

It is a definite feature of the policy of the Huntington Library to have a series of publications. This will include catalogues, lists, and bibliographies, the printing of manuscripts and the reprinting of unique and rare books, and ultimately the publication of studies that are made at the Huntington Library itself. Negotiations are in progress with one of the leading university presses, which it is hoped will coöperate with the Huntington Library in bringing out this series of publications. It is probable that the first of the series will be a reprint of the unique copy in the Huntington Library of the "Massachusets General Lawes and Libertyes" of 1648.

The collection of printed books in the Vatican Library is in the neighborhood of half a million volumes. They are divided into two large classes: (1) the general collection, and (2) the consulting or reference library. New accessions are classed in the first division unless they deal with the subject of manuscripts, in which case they may be added to the reference collection. In addition to the open *fondi* (the general collection and the reference library), there are what are known as closed *fondi*—the Barberini, Palatine, and Zeladi collections, and also the *raccolta generale*. The number of rare and valuable works contained in these collections is much larger in proportion to the total than is found in any other library of the same size—save possibly the Bodleian.

Pope Pius XI has been instrumental in adding more than 80,000 printed books within the last seven years and almost 6500 manuscripts, and has been largely responsible for the modern equipment which has been recently installed. The Vatican Library has been "efficiently helped by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and fortified by American experience," wrote Monsignor Tisseran recently.

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DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS' SEMI-Annual 20% Cash Discount Sale offers collectors, librarians and booklovers in general, the finest opportunity to acquire desirable books at bargain prices. This 20% cash discount applies to our entire large and choice stock of new, old and rare books. All new books advertised in this paper sent anywhere less 20%, plus postage, on receipt of order accompanied by remittance. Visit our attractive shop, or write for free catalogs. Following few items, picked at random, have the discount already deducted on orders accompanied by remittance. Money refunded if not satisfied. Westermarck, History of Human Marriage, three volumes, $4.20; Woodberry, Edgar Allen Poe, illustrated, beautifully printed at the Riverside Press, first edition, two volumes, $2.40; Aristophanes, Comedies, Complete Translation, illustrated by Bosschere, limited edition, two big volumes, $20.00; Hutchinson, Britain Beautiful, with over 2,000 illustrations, color plates, maps, etc., four big, handsome volumes, $14.00; Isham, History of American Painting, New Revised Edition, with twelve full-page photogravures and 141 illustrations in the text, large octavo, $6.80; Arthur Symons' Collected Works, limited edition nine volumes, $22.50; Pepys' Diary, Best Edition Edited by Wheatley, ten volumes, $40.00. Thousands of other bargains. Dauber & Pine Bookshops, Inc., 66 Fifth Avenue, at 12th Street, open until 10 P. M. Visit our Annex (around the corner, 8 West 13th Street, open until 6 P. M.). Thousands of good books from 10 cents to $1.00.

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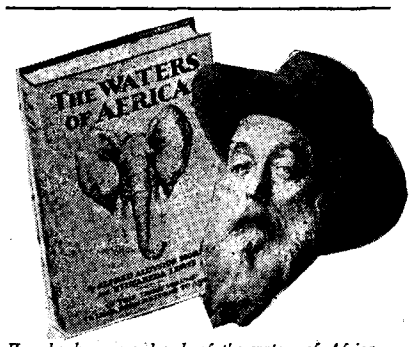

He who has once drunk of the waters of Africa must needs return to quench his thirst again.

The Waters of Africa—The Third book by TRADER HORN and ETHELREDA LEWIS—has just been published.

Two items of Ripleyana about this book: *One*, it was written before the first *Trader Horn* volume was published in June, 1927. . . . *Second*, it was out of stock immediately on publication, necessitating a second edition even before the book was reviewed. . . .

Catalogue time is here. The new Fall list is now on press—featuring books by WILLIAM BOLITHO, ARTHUR SCHNITZLER, SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF, STEPHEN GRAHAM, JEAN RICHARD BLOCH, ALAN B. SCHULTZ, LAWRENCE DRAKE, HARRY REICHENBACH, DAVID FREEDMAN, WALTER B. PITKIN, RALPH BORSODI, J. P. McEVOY, and others. . . . including a symposium on *The Drift of Civilization* by HENRY FORD, ALBERT EINSTEIN, BERTRAND RUSSELL, H. G. WELLS, and twenty more thinkers of world renown.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

THE Harbor Press of this city, which recently put forth "Narcissus" by *Louis How* and "A Way Out," *Robert Frost's* only published play, is to announce a poetry contest, with President *William Allen Neilson* of Smith College and Miss *Alice H. Lerch* of the New York Public Library for judges. By September the full plan will have matured. There will be a cash prize for the winning poem and the Harbor Press will publish it. . . .

The May-June *Poetry Folio* comes to us under the editorship of *Milton Kovner* and *Stanley Burnshaw*. (The eighth issue will be edited by *Lawrence Conrad*.) Address your contributions to 1849 80th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. . . .

We like the title of a book the Viking Press announces for September, "Animals Looking at You," by *Paul Eipper*. The photographs by *Hedda Walther* are said to be extraordinary. *Patrick Kirwan* translated this work from the German. The author's observation of animals covered thirty years in the largest zoölogical gardens of Europe. He tells of the capture of the giant gorilla, the mating of leopards, the sea-elephant, the snake that lived with a mouse, the demented bear, and so on. *Jacob Wassermann* and *Thomas Mann* have both heartily endorsed the book. . . .

At Carmel, New York, *Arthur Sullivant Hoffman* teaches fiction. He doesn't teach quantity production of stereotyped and formularized stuff, either. He is endorsed by such as *Larry Barretto*, *Fred Bechdolt*, *Robert W. Chambers*, *Octavus Roy Cohen*, *Homer Croy*, *Elmer Davis*, *Frazier Hunt*, *Harold Lamb*, *Sinclair Lewis*, *Leonard Nason*, *Clements Ripley*, *Ben Ames Williams*, and scores of others. Hoffman has in the past edited *McClure's*, *Adventure*, *Romance*, and has been managing editor of the *Delineator*, among other things. He has written "Fundamentals of Fiction Writing," "Fiction Writers on Fiction Writing," etc., etc. . . .

Though it was published back in February, we have just come across "Blue Glamour," by *Webb Waldron*, illustrated by *Marion Patton Waldron*, and we can recommend it as an excellent introduction to the people and ports of the Mediterranean, easy reading, and a helpful guide. The John Day Company publishes it. . . .

We have been meaning for some time to say something about the *Book League Monthly*. Considered merely as a periodical it offers better fare than the great majority of magazines. Save for introductions in the front and reviews in the back it furnishes but one full length work a month. Its editors are all specialists in one field or another. The fare is varied. Just at present, for July, "The Virtue of This Jest," by *James Stuart Montgomery*, is on the *tapis*. In this novel of a rogue the London of eighteenth century low life is vividly depicted. Mr. Montgomery has soaked himself in it and reconstructs it remarkably well. And his is a good meaty story, full of color and glamor. . . .

Since the new Papal State was formed and the Fascisti and the Catholics agreed to coöperate, the Vatican has increased its material leadership. "Pope or Mussolini," by *John Hearley* (Macaulay), is an analysis of the differences between State absolutism and Church absolutism. These essentially antagonistic institutions are thoroughly surveyed. A timely volume. . . .

Augustus Bridle, a Canadian author, has written a novel called "Hansen," but it has nothing to do with our *Harry* of the New York *World*. . . .

Which reminds us that Harry got considerably ahead of us with his excellent comment on the Final Number of *The Little Review*. We didn't get our copy until just recently. One thing strikes us forcibly as we glance through it: how vastly important the lesser of its contributors seem to themselves. Here and there, however, one is relieved by taciturnity: in general the taciturnity bears a direct relation to the importance of the writer. There are exceptions. But for the most part the most important writers react most briefly to the questionnaire set them. Most of all in the number we enjoyed the various snap shots of the editor, *Margaret Anderson*. She certainly is a darn pretty girl. . . .

Someone has sent us a post-card, saying, "Hooray for 'senile decline!'" The card is a very pleasing reproduction of a picture from an early Persian MS., and shows the sage Buzurjmihr discoursing to King Anushirvan. . . .

All authors who have never published a novel which has sold more than 5,000 copies are eligible to compete in the Longmans, Green new contest. If the prize is won by an author who has had a previous novel published, a second prize will go to the best *first* novel. First prize: $7,500; second prize: $2,500. . . .

From *Mr. Canby*, still luxuriating in Europe, we have a postcard reading "Maitlinade Student vom Kunstkanner Kollegium." Mr. Canby states that he is on his way Eastward after a week up four thousand feet in the Vaudois Alps. He has been consuming French wine, German beer, and Swiss honey. Never mind! Never mind! We are just about ready now to pull up stakes for California and the Bohemian Grove Jinks. California oranges and grapejuice forever! . . . .

At the writers colony of Yaddo, Saratoga Springs, New York, among the distinguished July guests are *Evelyn Scott*, *Lola Ridge*, and *Donald Davidson*. *Prentiss Taylor* is also up there, doubtless plotting more broadsheets and ballads. . . .

Yes, "Up to Now," is the title of *ex-Governor Smith's* autobiography. But it's also the title of an informal autobiography by *Martin Shaw*, soon to be published by the Oxford University Press. Such well-known people as *Gordon Craig*, *Hugh Walpole*, *Augustus John*, *Isadora Duncan*, *John Masefield*, and *Clifford Bax* enter into it. . .

Here is another of *Sylvia Satan's* poems that we like well enough to print:

FIRST WAKING

Bar of gold in the Eastern curve of the sky;
Silver plane of sea;
Dark birds slowly wavering up the dawn.
One by one the sharpened shadow-prints
Of gabled cottages in Gothic line
Darken the chilly sand.

A bird note flutes along the transient shore.
Wings like the beating of a flying heart
Spring from the morning grass.

One bird note. Then the scurrying motors speed
Stringing the highway's limit-fleeing flint
With vibrant choir of wheels.

Life that is unshaped life,
Flow over me!
O bird wings, beat still ecstasy
Up the clear dawn!

For all too soon the second waking comes.
All too soon I put my pattern on
To walk a grotesque world whose uncouth shapes
Plunder the silence.

The Carthaginian breaks the Delphic silence of the Dido cave to apprise us of the following:

Anyway, of all the engravings in the Progress of the Raik, there is none that appeals to us so much as the one that first caught our attention in Browne's collection, the collection that hanging on the walls of Browne's bedroom first gave poor convalescing Keats such nightmares. The Raik, very destitute, surrounded by wailing women, tax-collectors, bailiffs, a snowdrift of bills due, prison-warnings etceteras, sits half-prostrated across a chair, with a dainty script, the unkindest cut of all, unrolled to his nerveless hand, saying (and here we turned a delicate somersault in order to read it):

"Sir:
I have read your play and find it will not doe.
Yrs,
_____"

Where, oh where have we heard them woids before? . . .

In speaking of the Book League of America a little while ago we forgot to announce that *Thomas L. Stix* of Cincinnati, Ohio, has now become its President. The editorial policy of the League will remain unchanged. . . .

And so—the old disappearing act once more!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

FAMILY GROUP
By Diana Patrick
Does wealth bring happiness? What happened to the Harlyns when a fortune suddenly freed them from genteel skimping? Dorothea Lawrence Mann is enthusiastic in her praise of this novel about people who might be your own neighbors. "Well conceived and excellently told." —Dorothea L. Mann. **$2.50**

THE MAN IN THE QUEUE
By Gordon Daviot, Author of KIF
Bright lights and laughter . . . the last week of a famous star . . . suddenly a man in the crowd dropped dead. No one saw him stabbed; no one knew his identity. . . . "Not many detective stories are as well conceived, well written and well constructed as this absorbing tale."—Louise M. Field, critic. **$2.00**

EARLY HISTORY IN ASSYRIA
By Sidney Smith of the British Museum
The widespread discussion aroused by new discoveries from excavations in Syria and Asia Minor make this account of pre-historic and early Sumerian periods of especial interest to the general public as well as to the student and specialist. Full biographical notes. **$12.00**

ISLAM Beliefs and Institutions
By H. Lammens, S. J.
In an innocent looking building in an obscure place in New York City is a Mohammedan Mosque where the power of Mohammed silently and secretly vibrates. This vivid account of the religion of Islam through thirteen centuries points to Mohammedanism as a world force of the future. **$3.50**

THE BOOK OF PROVERBS
Introduction and Notes
By W.O.E.Oesterly, D. D.
A fascinating and intensive study of the Proverbs of the Bible, showing unerring evidences of how the Hebrew ages were influenced by the wisdom of Babylonia, Egypt, Greece, and Arabia, and how they transmuted and wove much of it into their own writings. **$6.00**

PORTRAITS AND REFLECTIONS
By Stuart Hodgson
Twenty-five living portraits of the leaders of affairs discussed over the world's breakfast tables are tempered by the author's fine judgment and rich historical background. Humorous and serious, politicians, statesmen, a chess master, a journalist, Henry Ford, King George, Al Smith, H. M. Tomlinson, Lloyd George, Lady Astor, Briand—you have the keynote of these and many others. Dignity and intimacy are combined in this new approach to celebrities. **$2.50**

SOME ITALIAN SCENES AND FESTIVALS
By Thomas Ashby, D. Litt., F. B. A
The peasants of Italy celebrate traditional festivals which often date back to pagan or even prehistoric times. Here is a delightful guide for travelers in fact or imagination to the customs of that enchanted land. **$2.50**

E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

BORZOI BOOKS

J. S. Fletcher's Latest **$2.00**
THE MATHESON FORMULA
The whole world was threatened by the theft of the terrible formula. Matheson alone knew its use, and he, uncautious man, tries to recover it.

ARE BOUND

Christianity in the Making
THE GENESIS OF THE SOCIAL GOSPEL
by Chester Charlton McCown
$3.00
The June Selection of the Religious Book Club
What the Christian religion is in its origins, and how it came to be.

TO PLEASE

Philosophy, Soul, and Religion
MYSTERIES OF THE SOUL
by Richard Müller Freienfels $5.00
This book deals with the soul, its evolution, its Americanization, and the religion of the future.

THE MOST

Adventures in the East
ORIENTAL ENCOUNTERS
by Marmaduke Pickthall $2.50
..."Something uncanny in Pickthall's understanding of the Arabs . . . marvelous entertainment." *W. B. Seabrook*

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton Street, Chelsea, S. W., London, England.

P. F. S., Emaus, Pa., is to travel nearer home, via automobile and trailer, camping every night. Are there books on the technique of such transport, and experiences of motor-travel in the United States?

"AUTOCAMPING," by F. E. Brimmer (Appleton), and the same author's "Motor Campcraft" (Macmillan), came out about the same time, and between them cover the subject from the standpoint of family travel. "The Motor Camping Book," by Elon Jessup (Putnam), is on all aspects of the subject, by a well-known authority.

"The Family Flivvers to Frisco," by F. F. Van de Water (Century), supplements these directions with amusing and practical details of such a transcontinental trip as many Americans take to cross the continent, though not always in so happy a frame of mind. "Modern Gypsies," by M. Bedell (Brentano), covers twelve thousand miles around the United States, camping every night and everywhere. "Motor Camping on Western Trails," by M. F. Ferguson (Century) goes 18,000 miles. I have already spoken in strong praise of "On Wandering Wheels," by Jan and Cora Gordon, a motor trip southward along the Atlantic coast, then into New England, by an artist-author collaboration. When last I recommended books for a tour of New England, I was reminded by those who had used it that Sarah Comstock's "Roads to the Revolution" (Macmillan) might have been added to the list. It might indeed, and I left it out by pure inadvertency. She tells of Revolutionary landmarks as far south as Mount Vernon, but a number of her chapters deal with New England. The illustrations from photographs are also unusually good.

MY recent flippant reference to the picture popularly known as "Paul and Virginia" may have given some readers of this column a wrong idea of the principles of Virginia in regard to costume. These, to set her right with the world, may be gathered from a sentence in the synopsis of the plot given in "The Reader's Digest of Books":—"But a hurricane wrecks the ship before it can land, and Virginia, refusing to remove her clothes or accept the aid of a naked sailor who offers to take her to shore, is washed overboard and drowned." The new edition of this big Digest, by Helen Rex Keller (Macmillan), is greatly enlarged and now goes to the edge of the present day; it is a labor-saving device for librarians and in general comes in handy in any number of ways. The plots are of novels and plays, and even of histories and biographies.

E. H., Boston, Mass., asks about lucid and non-technical guides to the appreciation of painting.

"WHY We Look at Pictures," by Carl H. P. Thurston (Dodd, Mead), goes into the matter with thoroughness and care; it is the latest of a number of guides to happiness through the eye, and though it has no pictures of its own, it prepares a reader for the intelligent use of his eyes in any gallery. "How to Enjoy Pictures," by J. Littlejohn (Macmillan), has eight color plates and many drawings; it analyzes and discusses famous pictures in the Louvre, the Prado, and the National Gallery, in order thereby to present general principles. "The Approach to Pictures," by Thomas Bodkin (Harcourt, Brace), interprets twenty paintings from Giotto's Joachim to Manet's Olympia. The approach may be, it seems, philosophical, technical, analytical, casual, or "by siege," and the book is spirited. Clive Bell always makes one think, whether or not one always thinks as he does, and his brilliant "Landmarks in Nineteenth Century Painting" (Harcourt, Brace) includes, among others, Gericault, Delacroix, the Barbizon school, and the Pre-Raphaelites, Degas, and Seurat. Ruth de Rochemont's "Evolution of Art" (Macmillan) includes paintings, sculpture, and prints.

The best book on its subject for the beginner is "How to Appreciate Prints," by Frank Weitenkampf (Scribner), and it goes a long way with him from the beginning. It has lately been once more enlarged, its popularity keeping up. I have been asked by several readers for a book on modern sculpture later even than Lorado Taft's, by which to keep in touch with some of the distinctive work of the present day. This need has just been met by "Some Modern Sculptors," by Stanley Casson, published by the Oxford University Press. It is the only book I know that discusses the highly controversial subject of present-day sculpture and illustrates the discussion with plates. Though there are forty of these, the book costs scarcely more than a novel—something to notice in a book on this subject. This reply will come too late for the paper that *G. S. F., Port-au-Prince, Haiti,* was to write on the subject for a discussion-club, but it will meet her interest in the matter. Startled by some of the new architecture, she was trailing it to its sources, taking in sculpture along the way.

A number of well-illustrated books on paintings and painters have been recently published. Esther Singleton's "Old World Masters in New World Collections" (Macmillan) selects more than a hundred masterpieces that have been brought to this country from foreign galleries, and provides their reproductions with explanatory text. "An Introduction to Dutch Art," by R. W. Wilenski (Stokes), illuminates the subject for the first time for the general reader; this, like the one just named, is a large book, and it has many illustrations. Hale, Cushman & Flint have issued the two volumes of William T. Whitley's interesting anecdotes and character-studies of "Artists and Their Friends in England, 1700-1799"; it concerns not only English but American artists, and has twenty-four plates in illustration. "The Gospel Message in Great Pictures," by Dr. James Carter (Funk & Wagnalls), will be useful in evening services or Sunday schools; it has fifteen sermons based on famous works of art and incidents in the careers of their creators, the pictures being in full-page reproductions.

L. G., New York, asks for a simple work on musical forms, not to be used in composition, but to enhance listening, and for a book with the lives of well-known composers.

"THE Appreciation of Music," by Grace Gridley Wilson (Macmillan), is small enough to fit into a handbag, but the ten talks on musical form out of which it is made will help a beginner to get the most out of listening. Each is followed by a list of works in illustration; a club could make a season's program from it, what with all the ways of musical reproduction now available. It runs from canon and fugue, the suite and the sonata, to absolute music with general titles and the music of the new day. It would be both provocative and enlightening to read, in connection with a New York concert season, the quite recently published critical sketches written by Claude Débussy in his youth, in the volume "Monsieur Croche" (Viking). Here are brief studies, sometimes spicy, sometimes sympathetic, often sharp and bitter, of musicians of his day and of earlier days, from Beethoven, Rameau, and Wagner to Richard Strauss and Paul Dukas.

"Famous Composers," by Nathan Haskell Dole (Crowell), has long been popular and respected: it has just reappeared in a new edition with added material and eighteen new portraits. This is an excellent home library book.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 64. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best lyric containing neither adjectives nor adverbs. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of July 29.)

The MANSIONS *of* PHILOSOPHY

WHEN WILL DURANT first suggested *The Mansions of Philosophy* as the title for his new book, *The Inner Sanctum* applauded heartily, but wondered a bit whether most readers would appreciate the allegory of the phrase, or expect instead an architectural handbook. Other candidates were considered: *The Lure of Philosophy, A Philosophy of Life, Philosophy In Action, Invitation to Philosophy*. . . But the first choice won out, and on the title page of the book went that glowing, profound quotation "*In My Father's House Are Many Mansions.*"

As usual, the trepidations of *The Inner Sanctum* were groundless. The title is not only beautiful and faithful to the temper of the book, but many thousands of readers have found it magnificently clear and appealing. Again the subtlety and range of the reading public's preference have been under-rated, for *The Mansions of Philosophy* is a ranking best-seller all over America.

And here in truth *are* mansions . . . crowned with topless towers for scanning the totality of things. The sub-title promises much. "*A Survey of Human Life and Destiny*," but the promise is performed. Not in scattered sections, but in an integrated book of consummate scholarship, the timeless issues of man and metaphysics are bravely confronted, and quickened by contemporary application. The destiny of mankind, the freedom of the will, the outlook for religion, the meaning of history, the evolution of love, the essence of beauty, the quest of happiness—these are some of the subjects analyzed in one of the staunchest attempts ever made to provide in a single gateway volume a tour of the infinite. Ask your bookseller to show you this 703 page book. Turn at random to any page, and seek not in vain for wisdom winged with wit. Well has this new book by WILL DURANT been named *The Mansions of Philosophy*.

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in CLASS REUNION *there is* STRENGTH.....

CONTRARY to popular belief, publishers of books *do* occasionally cling to a belief in an author despite the lack of corroboration from the reading public.

The Inner Sanctum is at present exultant because of the belated recognition awarded the genius of FRANZ WERFEL, with the appearance of his new novel, *Class Reunion*.

In *The New York Evening Post* WILLIAM SOSKIN writes: "Whether one deals with humor or wit or lyric beauty or joyousness or pain, in the hands of the true artist any of these elements may attain the flavor of universality, which is characteristic of a great work. . . To many, among whom I count myself, FRANZ WERFEL's play, *Goat Song* was a stirring and important experience. Now the author offers us a novel, *Class Reunion*, and I find it a confirmation of Herr WERFEL's indicated genius."

"WERFEL has portrayed with extraordinary beauty the tragic figure of a noble and gifted boy pitiably betrayed to his enemies." writes SHIRLEY WATKINS in *The Philadelphia Record*. "Such portraits are not frequently presented to the public, and they are valuable in proportion to their rarity."

"WERFEL's name has been proposed several times for the Nobel prize in letters," says *The St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. "*Class Reunion* should further that movement."

And HARRY HANSEN in *The New York World* adds: "*Class Reunion* reveals that we have not yet taken the measure of FRANZ WERFEL."

The success of WERFEL's books and plays in Germany has hitherto marked him—to reverse the proverb—a prophet not without honor in his own country, but one whose stature was not fully taken abroad.

Now America, by acclaiming *Class Reunion*, has at last given FRANZ WERFEL of Vienna his due.

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The Intelligent Man's Guide to MARRIAGE and CELIBACY

WHAT IS IT ABOUT?

What happened to Home and Mother. . Falling in love—and falling out. . Sex differences, their causes and conquest consolations of Religion, dogmas of Science, promises of Romance The two kinds of marriage The two kinds of celibacy ! Courtship and the court of domestic relations Beauty contests and the connoisseur . The man who marries a dumb wife Woman's right to propose, man's to refuse . . Manly freedom and womanly wiles. How to be happy though single. . Farewell to the family. . Children's rights Behaviorism and birth control Mars, Venus and the baby, or sex as a cause of war. Ethics of sex appeal.

IS IT SERIOUS OR HUMOROUS?

Both—as was *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism*, of which the present volume is not a parody. On the contrary, the author maintains, it is a parallel study of a subject of even greater importance to humanity.

WHO WROTE IT?

Juanita Tanner, explained in a preface as the daughter of Ann Whitefield and John Tanner in Shaw's *Man and Superman*. Some will surmise that the pseudonym conceals a man. Some will say—but let them say.

WHO WILL READ IT?

Men—and women—who aren't married and wish they were; who aren't married and are glad they aren't; who are married and are glad they are; who are married and wish they weren't. Men and women who like a breath of fresh air in the midst of heated discussion. Men and women.

With lively appreciation of Mr. Bernard Shaw's genius in devising a mode of travel useful not only in the fenced fields of economics but in the hitherto uncharted land of romance

By Juanita Tanner

You, like many intelligent men, may feel no great interest in the subject of this book. You will, unless you have very definitely broken with tradition, find yourself very busy with other matters. You may speculate about the question in odd moments; you may marry and wish you hadn't, or not marry and wish you had; you may be made happy or miserable all your life by it, but still you leave it to women as they have left the matter of earning a living to you.

This seems to me very unfortunate. I can see no real reason why a man should be appointed administrator of the eighth commandment while a woman is given charge of the seventh. Even if we throw out all talk of altruistic reform and say simply that we want to manage our own affairs and make the world a better place to live in for our own selfish sakes, then common sense says that as it takes two to make a marriage there's a better chance of success if we both think a little about it.

I am going to assume for the purpose of this book that you are not only an intelligent man but an intelligent man of this decade. As you have no doubt noticed, there are still going about among us many intelligent men and women of the year 1880, perhaps now and then an intelligent man or woman of the year of our Lord 1500, or of 400 B.C. Earlier models have not disappeared with the appearance of new types. For the sake of brevity then, I shall call you an intelligent young man, though you know, of course, that youth is a matter of view-point, not of years.

Perhaps—who knows?—if you should be really interested, we can put our heads together and do something about both Adam's and Eve's curse in this topsy-turvy day when the prevailing expression for sex appeal is the neuter pronoun.

At any rate you may find support for your interest in a good source. Should any less intelligent young man suggest that it's beneath your dignity to give to marriage a little of the sober thought you'd give to your future economic status please remind him that the Most Intelligent Man—who was likewise widely experienced in matrimony—said, "It is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house."

—From JUANITA TANNER's *Preface*

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